

The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1906.

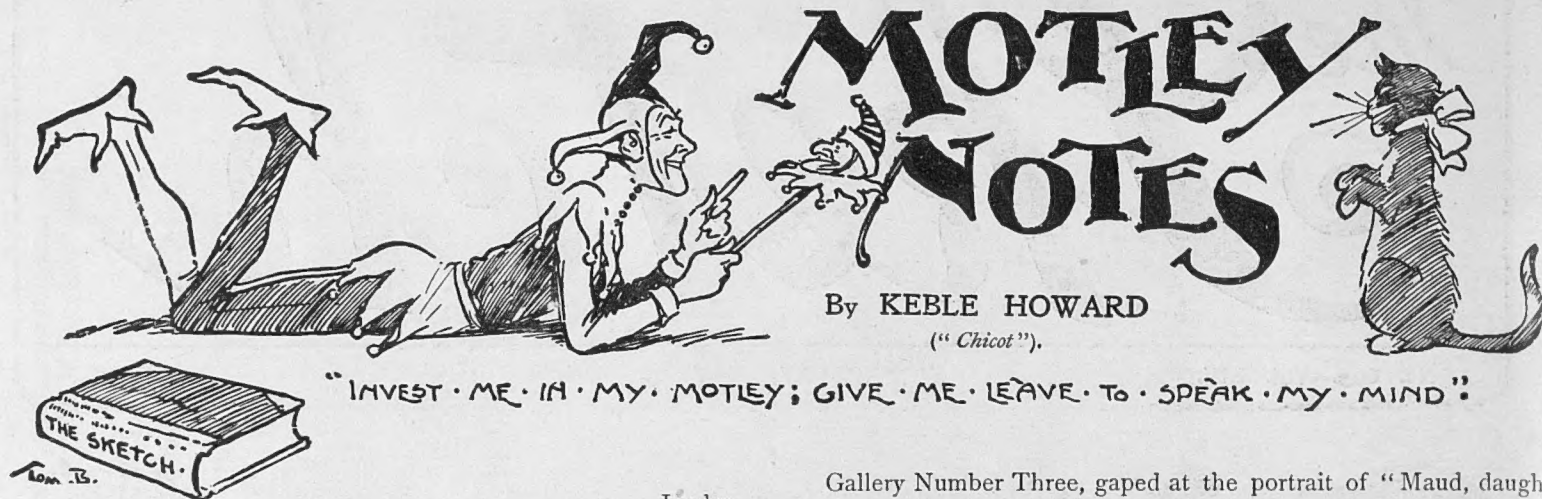
SIXPENCE.



AN ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD PADEREWSKI: MASTER MIECIO HORSZOWSKI, THE LATEST MUSICAL PRODIGY.

Master Horszowski, who recently made a great sensation as a pianist in Italy, bids fair to be equally popular in London. He made his debut here at the Steinway Hall, and, playing excerpts from Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, and Mendelssohn, proved himself a master of technique, and the possessor of a firm touch. He is eleven, and it is said that he already plays everything that is worth playing.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



London.

"RULES FOR MY HOUSEHOLD." Such was the title of an article that appeared on the magazine-page of a rather popular daily paper last Friday morning. Then there were two sub-headings. This was the first: "Mr. Eustace Miles, Having Recently Married, Says How His Home Must be Regulated." And this the second: "Mrs. Eustace Miles Discusses the Woman's Side of the Question." Further, there were pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Miles. Beneath the portrait of Mr. Eustace Miles I read: "Mr. Eustace Miles, who complains that the modern house does not contain enough clear rooms for skipping and games." Beneath the portrait of Mrs. Eustace Miles I read: "Mrs. Eustace Miles thinks that every home should contain special rooms where domestic worries are forbidden subjects." By this time, of course, my curiosity was fully aroused, and I began to read with eagerness the rules laid down by Mr. Eustace Miles, recently married, for the regulation of his household. As I observed last week, public individuals have no longer any private lives. Without a blush, therefore, I informed myself that, since his marriage, Mr. Miles enjoys greater comfort and eats more food than he did as a bachelor: that Mr. Miles endeavours to relieve Mrs. Miles of some of the domestic work, even if it amounts to nothing more than preparing the salads and winding the clocks: that Mr. Miles's servants are not bullied or sweated, or spoken to angrily: that, in the evening, these same servants are sent out to buy vegetables and get a walk and a breath of air: that Mr. Miles's rooms are not choked up with flimsy "ornaments": that in Mr. Miles's house, on the contrary, there is plenty of room to skip.

Greatly refreshed, I turned to the article by Mrs. Miles. I informed myself that the word "home" is essentially an English one, and that one of the songs that will live for ever is "Home, Sweet Home." Now, I hope you will not run away with the idea that I am laughing at Mr. and Mrs. Miles and their plans for the perfect management of their household. On the contrary, I believe that every young married couple should start life with the determination to show all their friends and relations how easy it is, if you will but try hard enough, to attain the ideal. The great majority of couples, in point of fact, *do* begin with this determination. Mr. and Mrs. Miles, though, have gone a step further. Not only have they laid down for themselves a very stringent list of rules, but they have written those rules in letters of flame across the sky, so that all who run may read. Well, I congratulate them very heartily on their pluck, and wish them every success. I will also beg of them to accept this little verse, which insisted on going through and through my head whilst I was reading those extremely interesting articles—

The mistress is skipping in the boudoir,
The master is skipping in the hall,
The servants are skipping in the kitchen,
And none of 'em has any cares at all.

It doesn't mean anything.

I have "done" the Academy. That is to say, I have been to Burlington House, left my coat and stick in the cloak-room, bought a catalogue, climbed the stairs, paid a shilling, passed through the turnstile, wandered into Gallery Number One, marvelled at the number and variety of the pictures, stared at the people, gaped at the portrait of "Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, K.G., V.C." by Mr. John S. Sargent, R.A.; loafed into Room Number Two, marvelled at the number and variety of the pictures, gaped at the portrait of "The Hon. Mrs. Frederick Guest," by Mr. John S. Sargent, R.A.; crawled into

Gallery Number Three, gaped at the portrait of "Maud, daughter of George Coats, Esq.," by Mr. John S. Sargent, R.A.; crept into Gallery Number Four, gaped at the portrait-group of "Professors Wm. Welch, Wm. S. Halstead, Wm. Osler, and Howard A. Kelly, of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore," by Mr. John S. Sargent, R.A., hurried into Gallery Number Eight, gaped at the portraits of "H.M. Queen Alexandra" and "H.M. King Edward VII.," by Mr. Colin Forbes, staggered on to Gallery Number Ten, gaped at "The Ever-Open Door," by Mr. Sigismund Goetz, glanced into the Water-Colour Room, dashed through the Black-and-White Room, avoided the Architectural Room, cast a hasty eye over the sculpture, recovered my coat and stick, and mooned out into Piccadilly again with the remark, "What a rotten Academy!"

Incidentally, though, I did my best to increase my knowledge of the painter's art by listening to the conversations of those who, with their hats cocked knowingly to one side, were apparently studying technique, colour, and so forth. For example, an impressive-looking gentleman with silver-grey hair was standing in front of Mr. Herbert Draper's "Day and the Dawn Star." On one side of him was his wife; on the other, his daughter. They were all gazing intently at the picture (which seemed to me a very fine one).

"I don't think so," the impressive-looking gentleman was saying. "If you allow yourself to be intimidated by these people, your life is not worth living."

Good! Here was a man of independent mind. He was not going to bow down and worship just because it was expected of him.

"That's not exactly the point," said the daughter. "There are times *and* times for acting on principle. In this case, I am bound to say I think you were unwise."

"I quite agree with Evelyn," the mother chipped in. "It was not worth while having all that fuss for the sake of —"

"You may both of you talk yourselves hoarse," declared the old gentleman, "but I shall never change my mind. Eighteenpence from Victoria to Piccadilly is ample, and if the cabman thought he was going to frighten me by —"

I left them talking—and gazing at Mr. Draper's beautiful picture.

A little further on I noticed two ladies eagerly discussing the merits or demerits of the Hon. John Collier's "Indeed, indeed, repentance oft I swore." The picture, as you will remember, shows a fine young woman in evening dress sitting on a couch in an attitude of picturesque abandonment, and gazing mournfully into the fire. I drew nearer. They were the sort of ladies who love art for art's sake. They had not bothered to do their hair properly before coming out, and their clothes were all anyhow. Athirst for knowledge, I played the eavesdropper.

"That's just what I've always maintained," observed the first.

"I am so glad to hear you say that," said the second. "It is so seldom that people have the courage to talk freely about that sort of thing. Don't you think so?"

"But, my dear, I shouldn't *dream* of hesitating. The woman's impossible. It isn't so much her clothes, and all that sort of thing, as her dreadful habit of making scandal."

Was this, then, the real interpretation of the picture?

"I quite agree with you. I told my husband the same thing. Our best plan is to steer clear of her," I said, and that's why I haven't called."

"Quite right. . . . What do you think about lunch? We've seen all the best of the pictures. It's not much of an Academy this year, is it?"

"A perfect fraud, I call it. One's bound to come, though. That's the worst of it."

THE ACTOR-MANAGER AS HIS OWN DRAMATIC CRITIC.—I.

Mr. Martin Harvey's Views of "Boy O'Carroll."

THE great French actor who will be giving masterly proof of his quality at the Royalty next week holds it as an axiom of dramatic art that when the actor is on the stage the man in him should be watching his every gesture, and holding him in, as it were, with a restraining hand, if not with bit and bridle, so that, like the Biblical horse, he do not turn aside and hurt his—performance. Whether or no we accept the Diderot paradox that the actor imitates but does not feel, M. Coquelin maintains the unities of place. The actor and the man are, at least, on the stage. Now, however, he is asked to be on the stage and at the same time to sit in a stall for which, unhappily, no one has paid the necessary half-guinea. It is so long since I have played two parts in one play that it is not easy for me to act O'Carroll and Sir Boyle Roche's bird in the same evening and be in two different places at once. Even later in the year, when I do play two parts, in "The Corsican Brothers," they will both be on the stage, though, happily, not both at the same time.

The difficulty in expressing an opinion on "Boy O'Carroll" is increased rather than minimised by the fact that I know it so well. This should make my opinion all the more valuable. I hope the readers of *The Sketch* will accept it in that light. I feel, however, that to the judgment of any work of art one should come with one's brain in the condition of a sheet of white paper, ready to receive the impressions which may be recorded on it by the artist. That, however, is an exceedingly difficult thing to do. Even the audience does not do it. It goes to the theatre expecting a certain sort of work based on the actor's previous performances. For this reason there was a certain hesitancy on the first night on the part of the public to realise the new trend of the play. When, however, it did see the point to which the play tended all went merrily. I have been pigeon-holed under the head of the actors of romantic drama. Now, whatever else "Boy O'Carroll" may be it is not romantic drama. The authors call it a fantastic comedy, but there are moments when, happily for the actor, it borders on farce. I write "happily for the actor," for while fantastic comedy, pure and simple, may win an intellectual smile by reason of its deftness and its wit, farce gets a roar of laughter; and there is nothing so delightful for the man who is in the habit of drawing tears as to draw laughter—except, perhaps, to draw his salary.

As I watched the progress of the fantastic comedy from the non-existent stall—for which not only was no money paid, but for which, by a curious oversight of my editor, I had no ticket—I could not help feeling that I thought it a most entertaining piece of work, in which the strenuousness of drama had been most consistently lessened in order to strengthen the humorous elements of the story, which were handled as naturally as possible, so that the comedy was left to produce its own effect on the audience. And it produced it.

With the story I need, happily, not concern myself. It will already have appeared in all the daily papers. Those who are dissatisfied with the way it is told there—and if I may leave my supposititious stall for which, etc., and slip round to the stage to speak from behind the footlights, as a manager I should recommend everyone to be so—should go to the Imperial Theatre to get it at first hand from the authors, and the very able band of actors who assist them in telling it.

Between the actor on the stage and the audience in the front there must be acute sympathy if each is to get the best out of the other; for, just as the art of play-producing should be a collaboration between the author and the actors, so the art of play-acting should, in its turn, be a collaboration between the actor and the audience. Still sitting in that supposititious stall for which, etc., as before, I receive strong telepathic messages from the spiritual part of the merely material portion of me which is on the stage. It urges me to note the subtleties of its acting, the dash and *élan* of its performance, the way in which, in its characterisation, it strives, *πάντα γίγνεσθαι*, and it incites me with an eloquence which admits of no refusal to let no such morbidly modern idea as modesty interfere with

showing the most complimentary adjectives on the impersonation of so unusual a character for a romantically dramatic actor to play as a light-comedy Irishman. It is useless to be tempted unless one yields to temptation. I yield. I watch with delight my evident delight in my part; my enjoyment of the fun, my utter unconcern at all the dangers into which my recklessness leads me. To call this an epoch-making performance would, unhappily, scarcely be accurate. It is, however, to be hoped that it will be a money-making performance. Though as an artist I may have an artist's superiority to "filthy lucre," yet as a man I cannot fail to be aware of its very practical utility.

In dealing with the performance of Miss de Silva I have a distinct difficulty. Thanks to the journalists who do not concern themselves with dramatic criticism, but with personality pure and simple, the public is aware of the relationship which exists between us in private. If as a critic I fail to write in such glowing terms about her performance of the boy Paudheen as she thinks I ought, and as this opportunity offers, it is obvious that I shall lay up for myself something more than a bad quarter of an hour. Were it only a quarter of an hour it would not matter much. It is the "little more—and how much it is," which troubles me, not "the little less, and what worlds away." If, on the other hand, yielding to the claims of domestic peace and uxorial pride, I express my admiration of the truth and technical quality of her acting,

she will unhesitatingly insist that in my purely managerial capacity I should raise her salary. Which shall I do? As I used to say as Hamlet—"That is the question."

Miss Kate Rorke's part resembles mine in that it represents one of the most gifted of our emotional actresses in a light-comedy vein which is increased, if not multiplied, by the addition of a brogue. It is altogether an ideal performance, but then all the performances are ideal. To attain such an *ensemble* is the end to which, slightly to alter the words of Robert Browning, all actor-managers strive and I succeed—when I say "I," I mean that part of me which stands on the stage bowing in response to as magnificent a reception as any modern play by any modern author has received for a long time. Undoubtedly, if one may judge by that reception, "Boy O'Carroll" is destined for a long run.

P.S.—I find I have omitted many very important, interesting, and complimentary things I meant to say about my acting. It is unfortunate, for, while words are winged, *litera scripta manent*.

MARTIN HARVEY.

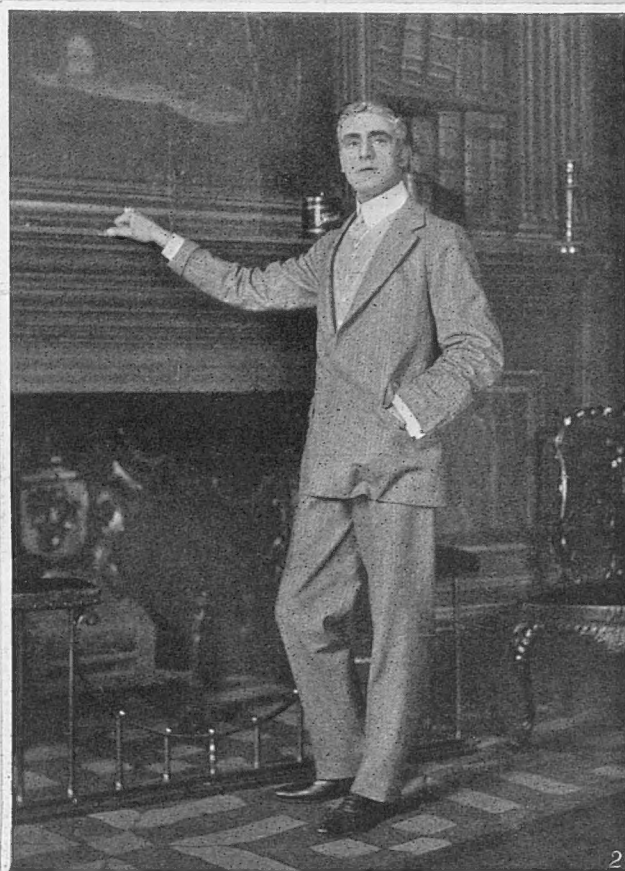


MR. MARTIN HARVEY AS LIEUTENANT BRIAN O'CARROLL IN "BOY O'CARROLL" AT THE IMPERIAL.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

"THE LONELY MILLIONAIRES," AND THE LADIES

WHO CURED THEIR LONELINESS.



1. THOMAS FRANKLAND (MR. OSCAR ASCHE).

3. LADY MEDWIN (MISS LOTTIE VENNE).

2. SIR CHARLES DUCAREL, Bt. (MR. MATHESON LANG).

4. CHRISTINA (MISS LILY BRAYTON).

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A THEATRICAL NOTE.

APPRECIATING the benefits rendered by the Seaside Con-
valescent Hospital at Seaford to their comrades who have
been ill and suffering, a large number of the most popular
actors and actresses on the stage have banded together to give a
benefit to the institution, which is in great need of funds. Origin-
ally arranged for the New Theatre, the entertainment will be
given to-morrow afternoon at the Coronet. Among those who
have proffered their services are Miss Gertie Millar, Miss Sybil
Arundale, Miss Mabel Love, Miss Louie Pounds, Miss Adrienne
Augarde, Miss Winifred Hare, Miss Carrie Moore, Madame Alice
Esty, Mr. Hayden Coffin, Mr. Louis Bradfield, Mr. Richard Green,
Mr. Courtice Pounds, Mr. Rutland Barrington, Mr. George Robey,
Mr. Martin Harvey, Mr. Frank Cooper, Mr. James Welch, and
Mr. Charles Hawtrey, while Miss Kate Phillips will appear in a new
one-act comedy, "Her Grace," by Mr. Forbes Dawson.

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young Jew who has worked his way into the charmed circle of the higher bureaucracy.
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claims of ambition, love, filial piety, and duty to his people struggle for mastery.
Into this plot, and against a background of recent stirring events, Mr. Gordon has
introduced from personal knowledge numerous sidelights and vivid glimpses of
Muscovite society. It may confidently be asserted that few living writers could have
dealt in so moving and absorbing a fashion with incidents which lately monopolised
the attention of the civilised world, as Mr. Gordon has done in this story.

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The Sweetest Solace. John Randal. 6s.

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The Evasion. Eugenia Brooks Frothingham.
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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE King came back to an exceptionally busy week, which may be said to be starting the season of 1906 brilliantly. On Monday his Majesty held an Investiture, and yesterday a Levée. Next Friday there will be a Court, at which will be present many of the bride-Peeresses, and those débutantes who would otherwise have made their first curtsies to their King and Queen at the postponed winter Courts.

Even Saturday has its royal function, for his Majesty has consented to open the new offices of the Hearts of Oak Benefit Society in the Euston Road on that day. Few people are aware of the keen and practical interest taken by the Sovereign in every detail of those functions which contribute so much to the pomp and circumstance which should surround royalty. His Majesty has an instinctive knowledge of what ceremonial should be, and since his Accession the British Court has become the most splendid and the most stately in Europe.

H.R.H. and the Trinity House.

The Prince of Wales, as Master of the Trinity House, is being entertained, together with his quaintly named Elder Brethren, at the Mansion

House to-day. Few people know anything about Trinity House, and yet it is a typically British institution, and the Brethren are in a sense responsible for all the beacons, lighthouses, buoys, and fog-signals set about our island kingdom. Many famous people have been proud to belong to this ancient Corporation, and among past Masters have been many noted royal personages and many famous commoners, including the genial Samuel Pepys. To any lover of English history a visit to the quaint old building, situated within a stone's-throw of the Tower of London, is fraught with intense interest. There the Prince of Wales, as a boy, often made his way, in order to see the curious relics carefully treasured by the Elder Brethren, which comprise priceless souvenirs of many a famous maritime hero.

The Invasion of 1803.

Trinity House has performed national services in the past which some of us may forget. They extinguished piracy on our coasts, and lighted the latter with beacons. They took over the lighting and defence of the Thames when the methods in force were those which the Britons employed against Cæsar when he marched

against London—the setting up of sharp-pointed piles in the river-bed, as likely to impale the craft of friend as of foe. It was to Trinity House that we had to turn when the Navy went mad at the Nore. The Elders sailed calmly down the river, removed the buoys and beacons, destroyed all the sea-marks in the vicinity, prevented the escape of the Fleet to sea, and so smashed the mutiny in a day. It was the Elders, again, to whom was committed the defence of the Thames when the invasion by

Napoleon was preparing. Ten old frigates were taken by the Elders, manned, armed, and provisioned; and for two years, until Nelson had won Trafalgar, they maintained them in the river to prevent a catastrophe which Pitt foresaw might arise from what he called "this awful crisis." Trinity House has well earned its place in our history.

An American Heiress Wedded to a Servian Minister.

The Parisian diplomatic world gathered in great force this week to witness the marriage of the Servian Minister, his Excellency M. Vesnitch, and Miss Blanche Ullman, of New York. The bridegroom stands high in the confidence of King Peter, and he is going back to his own country shortly in order to take up the responsible position of Minister of Justice in the new Servian Cabinet. Madame Vesnitch is already well known in French society, and is a great American heiress.



THE WEDDING OF THE SERVIAN MINISTER TO PARIS: MME. VESNITCH, WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE ON MONDAY LAST.

Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier.

The wedding was celebrated in the beautiful Russian church of the Rue Daru, the witnesses for the bridegroom being King Peter—who, being elsewhere engaged, was, of course, represented by proxy—and the Russian Ambassador; while those of the bride were Mr. McCormick, America's representative at the Elysée, and her brother, Mr. J. Ullman, of New York.

Bob-Tailed Coyote—Robert T. Wolf.

A Sioux who ought to know better, one Dr. Charles Eastman, is busy renaming the Indians of his nation—by request of the United States Government. Why will Governments burke the picturesque? His ingenuity is being severely taxed, for in the new names he endeavours to indicate the old. So, we are told, She-Who-Has-a-Beautiful-House is to be known as Mrs. Goodhouse; Bob-Tailed Coyote as Robert T. Wolf. Ye gods! Can we not have revenge by reversing the method? Would not Mr. John Smith feel more picturesque, on better terms with himself, as John Welder-of-the-Hammer-of-Iron, or John Worker-in-White-Heat? Robinson might be The-One-Known-to-Defoe; Clarke, King-of-the-Crow-Quill; Walker, Man-of-the-Swift-Step. At least we should get variety.



THE WEDDING OF THE SERVIAN MINISTER TO PARIS: M. VESNITCH, WHO MARRIED MISS ULLMAN, OF NEW YORK, ON MONDAY LAST, THE 21ST.

Photograph by C. Chusseau-Flaviens.



A SOCIETY BEAUTY: MISS HYLDA BLOIS,
DAUGHTER OF THE DOWAGER LADY BLOIS.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

Jewels for the Queen of Spain. Princess Ena will not want for jewellery when she is Queen of Spain. Rumour has it, and rumour will doubtlessly become fact by the time this is published, that King Alfonso is to give her gems worth some £240,000. These, it is said, take many forms, and in addition to the Royal crown and a diadem for use on semi-State occasions, will comprise such considerable items as a necklace in diamonds, and one of large pearls, numerous pendants, diamond pins for the mantilla, and a magnificent diamond rivière. Jewellery also had a most important place in the presents shown last week at Kensington Palace.

which is so dear to the Sultan's heart that he has even risked going to war with England for its sake. But it must be remembered that the very number of the stamps decreases their value, for there are too many of them to allow anyone to keep their price up.

Lady Guendolen Osborne.

The eldest child of a British Duke is bound to occupy an important position in Society, and that even if that child be a daughter. Lady Guendolen Osborne holds that position among the several daughters and only son of the Duke and Duchess of Leeds. She is an elegant, accomplished girl, and was one of the débutantes of the new reign, for she was eighteen during the year following the Accession. Through her mother, Lady Guendolen is connected with the great Lambton clan, and she is a favourite niece of Lord Durham. The Duchess of Leeds is very clever, and has published some charming volumes of short stories. She much prefers the country to the town. Her young daughters have been brought up at Hornby Castle, but they spend the winter at Bordighera, where the much longed-for baby brother was born five years ago.

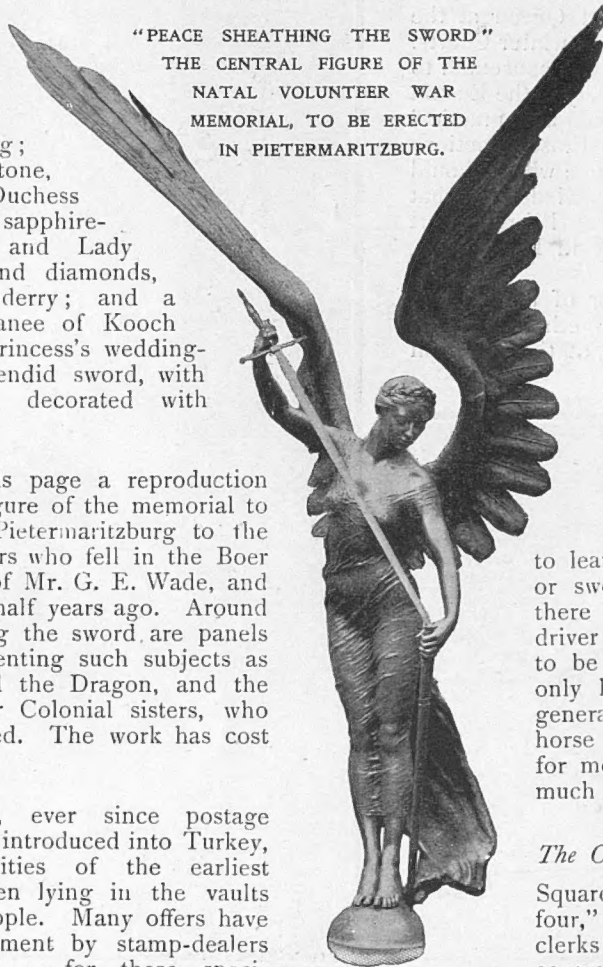


A SOCIETY BEAUTY: LADY GUENDOLEN
OSBORNE, DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF LEEDS.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

Amongst the finest examples were a turquoise-and-diamond necklet, with earrings to match, presented by the King and Queen; a wonderful parure of pink pearls, given by Princess Henry; a splendid hair-ornament, a pair of wings in diamonds, from the Empress Eugénie; a diamond-and-turquoise bracelet, from Princes Alexander, Leopold, and Maurice of Battenberg; a pendant of a large aquamarine stone, surrounded by diamonds, from the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and her daughters; a sapphire-and-diamond necklet, from Lord and Lady Iveagh; a pendant of cat's-eyes and diamonds, from the Marchioness of Londonderry; and a diamond pendant from the Maharanee of Kooch Behar. It is said that one of the Princess's wedding-gifts to her husband will be a splendid sword, with a jewelled hilt and a scabbard decorated with allegorical designs.

"PEACE SHEATHING THE SWORD"
THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF THE
NATAL VOLUNTEER WAR
MEMORIAL, TO BE ERRECTED
IN PIETERMARITZBURG.



Photograph by E. H. Mills.

Natal's Memorial to Her Volunteers. We give on this page a reproduction of the central figure of the memorial to be erected in Pietermaritzburg to the two hundred and ten Natal Volunteers who fell in the Boer War. The monument is the work of Mr. G. E. Wade, and was commissioned some two-and-a-half years ago. Around the central figure of Peace sheathing the sword are panels containing allegorical groups representing such subjects as Justice and Mercy, St. George and the Dragon, and the Mother Country surrounded by her Colonial sisters, who have come to her aid in time of need. The work has cost rather over £7000.

Turkish Stamps to be Sold to Build a Railway. For fifty years, ever since postage stamps were first introduced into Turkey, enormous quantities of the earliest stamps have been lying in the vaults of the old Post Office at Constantinople. Many offers have been made to the Turkish Government by stamp-dealers for these specimens, and huge sums have been

a bid for them, but the Turks have always refused to sell them for religious reasons. It appears that the stamps bear on them the Tougra, which is a sacred symbol to the Mohammedan, and one which he objects to see profaned. But most difficulties, religious and otherwise, can be got over with a little ingenuity, and the stamps are now to be disposed of for a sacred object, which is no less than the Sultan's pet scheme for building a railway to Mecca. The large sums offered for the old stamps are to be devoted to building the line to the sacred places, a project

"Cocher" and "Cochered."

Since the advent of the taximeter the poor Paris cab-horse has been run off its feet. Before the mechanical counter came into operation Cocotte's daily average was twenty miles; now it is apt to be thirty. Poor beast! No wonder he grows thinner, simply because he is too done up to eat. There is no sadder sight in creation than to see a cab-horse beaten into doing its course by a brutal driver who treats it as a piece of mechanism instead of a highly nervous and beautifully organised animal. Most Paris cochers have only the most elementary notion how to drive. It takes them just a week to learn it, too. Before that, they may have laid bricks, or swept chimneys, or done anything. But, happily, there is a society in Paris with one eye on the wicked driver and the other on the wretched horse. A school is to be opened wherein M. le Cocher will be taught not only how to drive, but also how to conduct himself generally towards the horse. He will learn that the horse has feelings—which will be a surprising discovery for most who mount the box. The Prefect of Police is much interested in the new enterprise.

The Clerks' Swim. The old joke about the Government clerks, who resemble the Trafalgar Square fountains in their habit of "playing from ten to four," is recalled by an amusing story from Paris. Some clerks in one of the older French Government offices discovered, in the course of their daily "play," a

large tank at the top of the building, which was always kept full of water in case of fire. Naturally, the young gentlemen used it as a swimming-bath, and found it quite deep enough to take "headers"—most grateful and comforting in hot weather. All would have been well had not one foolish, and now extremely unpopular, clerk been seized with cramp and nearly drowned, so that the office doctor had to be summoned. Discovery was inevitable, followed by severe official "wiggings," and now a sadder but drier set of youngsters drive quills in the service of Madame la République.



NOTED FOR HER BEAUTIFUL DRESSES,
MRS. BUCKLEY.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



NOTED FOR HER BEAUTIFUL JEWELS,
MRS. ARTHUR COHEN.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

The Old and New.

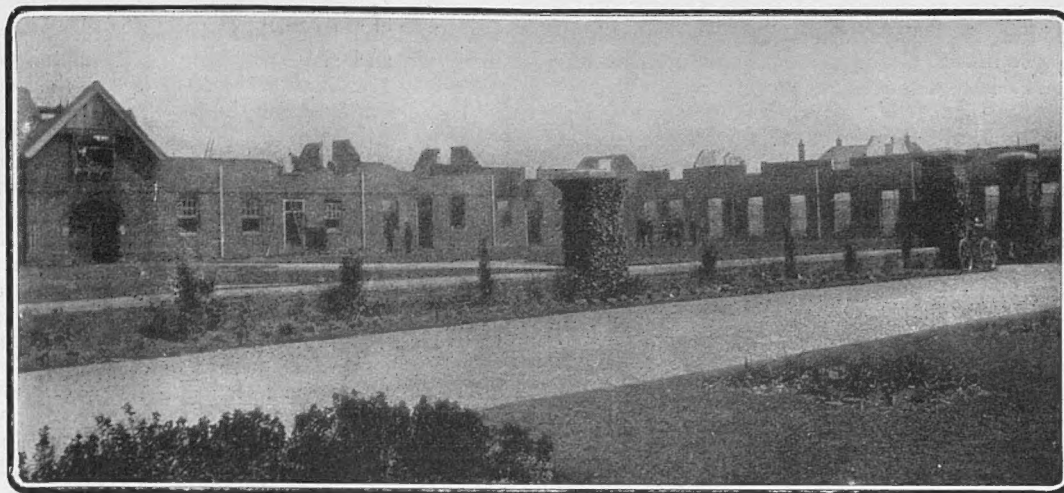
Lord and Lady Portsmouth, by whom a party is given this afternoon to meet a distinguished company of Colonial visitors, represent two distinguished lines. Lady Portsmouth is of the Pease family, and brought her husband, already a vastly wealthy man, a handsome fortune. This latter, by the way, was not realised until after legal proceedings of a distressing character, with which we are all familiar. The Earl of Portsmouth is a Wallop, and, as such, head of a house which, with the Paulets and the Tichbornes, is the only one holding land in Hampshire which was held by the same family before the Battle of Bosworth. Thus it is in the home of a representative of the real Old England that these newer Britons from over the seas are welcomed to-day. Lady Portsmouth has literary tastes; she has edited a delightful edition of Whittier, and writes with considerable charm on the ethics of fashion and on religious and philanthropic subjects. Her husband should some day be K.G. The honour was offered to his father. "No, thanks," he said to Gladstone in declining; "I am sorry that I have never rendered any public service entitling me to the distinction."

"They Rant Not; Neither do they Rate."

French "Féministes" are in the seventh heaven of delight. Madame Curie has been appointed Professor at the Sorbonne. It is the first time such an honour has befallen a woman. Madame Curie, of course, richly deserves the post. Her share in the discovery of radium was just as great as her husband's. In other directions woman scores. A woman, Marcelle Tinayre, has written the best novel of the season. It also occupies itself with "Féminisme"—that is to say, with the right of the feminine to be on a level with the mere masculine so far as opportunities for work are concerned. "Féminisme," as a rule, amongst our neighbours is of the non-shrieking sort. They rant not, neither do they rate; they go quietly ahead, and become barristers and doctors, and all kinds of things. Outside a small knot who seem to want to banish man altogether, no French woman demands the vote—not even the doctors and the lawyers. But as most of the male doctors and lawyers do not take the trouble to go to the polls, it is not surprising, is it?

Cecil Rhodes's Heir.

"I support Milner absolutely without reserve. If he says 'Peace,' I say 'Peace.' If he says 'War,' I say 'War.' Whatever happens, I say 'Ditto' to Milner." The words are the words of Cecil Rhodes, spoken to Mr. Stead concerning the man



THE FIRE AT THE EARL OF DERBY'S TRAINING ESTABLISHMENT AT NEWMARKET:
THE DESTRUCTION WROUGHT AT STANLEY HOUSE.

Stanley House, the palatial training establishment at Newmarket built by the Earl of Derby at a cost of between £50,000 and £60,000, was visited by fire the other day, and a total loss of about £20,000 sustained. A number of very valuable racehorses were endangered. Half the great quadrangle was saved. Stanley House stands on the Bury Road, and is approached by two long drives.

Photograph supplied by E. A. Parr.



PRESIDENT OF AN UNRECOGNISED
REPUBLIC: M. BREZET, PRESIDENT OF
COUNANI.

The independent State of Counani has been seeking the world's recognition for the space of some thirty years, and its President is now in this country endeavouring to obtain the British Government's recognition. Counani lies between French Guiana and Brazil.

Photograph by Halfstones, Ltd.



Sir Benjamin Stone.

PARLIAMENT'S OWN PHOTOGRAPHER "TAKING" THE GERMAN MAYORS: SIR BENJAMIN STONE
"SNAPPING" A PORTRAIT-GROUP OF OUR VISITORS ON THE TERRACE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Needless to say, Sir Benjamin Stone did not let slip the opportunity given to him of securing interesting photographs by the visit of the German mayors to the Terrace of the House of Commons. He secured several negatives to add to his enormous and interesting collection.—[Photograph by Solan.]

whom he made one of his executors and co-heirs. To-morrow, under the presidency of Mr. Chamberlain, the man to whom the Colossus said "Ditto" in all questions of South African policy, is the guest of honour at a great banquet. Rhodes used to speak to Mr. Stead of himself and Lord Milner as "your boys." Lord Milner himself traces the formation of his character to Arnold Toynbee. "I fell at once under his spell," he says, "and have always

remained under it." But Ruskin had something to do with forming his mind. The love of spade-work, in a very real sense, he derived from Ruskin's teaching. There exists a notable photograph showing a number of Oxford undergraduates wielding pick and spade and mattock, making that famous Hinksey Road at Oxford. In the foreground, lustiest navy of them all, is the Lord Milner of to-day.

Libelling Luther.

For real broad-mindedness, the weekly biscuit must be awarded to the Catholic Court in Germany who gave a man three months for throwing obloquy on Martin Luther and his doctrines. To malign Martin was apparently as bad, from their point of view, as speaking disrespectfully of the equator. We are less sentimental in this country, where it is not considered possible to libel the dead. But one wonders whether, if it were made an offence to do so, a Protestant Court, composed, say, of Passive Resisters, would give anybody three months for maligning any dead Catholic.

A Queen of Paris.

Madame Jane Hading, who opens a series of flying matinées in the provinces to-morrow, will not arrive in town for a fortnight. She likes the English matinée, if only for the reason that her audiences do not assume the icy reserve which, rightly or wrongly, she believes to be inseparable from evening dress. "You cannot expect people starched up in evening dress to be enthusiastic," she declares. To their so "starching up" she attributes a tone in English audiences slightly more cold than is observable where sumptuary ceremonial is less enforced. Still, she loves England. Her Christian name is English, though it must be owned that that is only for convenience. Her parents thought it would go better on the playbill than Jeanne. She had hardly got her name before she made her début, carried on to the stage by her mother in place of the conventional doll. Since then she has played many parts, and made conquests as pronounced as ever the divine Sarah won. She is accounted the loveliest woman in Paris, and that is a pretty good foundation for an actress's fame.

*To Attend Princess
Ena on Her
Wedding Day.*

An interesting honour has fallen to the lot of Lady William Cecil. She is to be the only English lady in attendance on Princess Ena on the occasion of her Royal Highness's marriage with the King of Spain. True, the honour is short-lived—though its memory will last—for her Ladyship will relinquish her duties immediately the Princess has become Queen of Spain, and hand over her royal charge to the care of the ladies of the Court of Spain; still, "En cada tierra su uso" (every country has its custom). Lady William Cecil, the wife of the distinguished Comptroller and Treasurer of the Household to Princess Henry of Battenberg, was the Hon. Mary Rothes Margaret Tyssen-Amherst, the eldest daughter of the first Baron Amherst of Hackney, and is heiress-presumptive to the peerage. She married Lord William Cecil, uncle of the present Marquess of Exeter and brother of the third Marquess, in 1885, and has four sons, the eldest of whom is a Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards.

*Workers who
Pay for
Strikers.*

A considerable portion of the population of Paris is living on the other portion. One hundred thousand men stand idle in the market-place, and, as you may suppose, someone has to pay for the privilege. In this case it is the worker who pays. He is taxed to keep the other man shouting, "A bas le patronat!" or something of that sort. The beauty of it is that the highest-paid workmen are just those who strike the most. The printers, who demand eight hours with threats, earn their fourteen to fifteen francs a day. How many *petits fonctionnaires* in France, how many magistrates even, earn that amount of money? Very few. Let us take the case of a striker who knocks in the top-hat of a *sale bourgeois*, as he would call him. That *sale bourgeois* might be a school-teacher, in which case his salary is £4 8s. a month! If our striker, in the double sense, is arrested, he is taken before the police-magistrate, who receives, probably, a franc less than the prisoner does a day, whilst the officers of the Court barely reach half the amount. Finally, this "victim of the capitalist" is sentenced, we will assume, and is led away by two Municipal Guards earning half-a-crown a day. Ah, those miserable capitalists!

*Mr. Austen
Chamberlain's
Engagement.*

Members of all parties of the House of Commons have expressed their good wishes for Mr. Austen Chamberlain, whose engagement to Miss Ivy Muriel Dundas was announced by his father. The ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer has no personal enemies. He was not only industrious as a member of the late Government, but always amiable and obliging. He has not been in haste to wed. His father was married at the age of twenty-five, and had lost his second wife before he was forty. The ex-Chancellor is forty-three. He met Miss Dundas some years ago at Gibraltar, and lately, when he went to Algiers to cure his sciatica, he found the young lady there with her mother, and the love-match was arranged.

*"Mr. Austen" as
Mr. Chamberlain's
"Lodger."*

The members of the Highbury domestic circle are much attached to one another. Mr. Chamberlain's home life has been happy, and his sons have been content to share it. On one occasion he proudly referred to Austen as his lodger. "And he is fortunate in his lodger," said Mr. John Morley. Only one member of Mr.

Chamberlain's family has hitherto been married—namely, his youngest daughter, and she has died, leaving a single child to call the great statesman grandfather. Mr. Austen was the issue of his first wife. By her he had also a daughter, and by his second wife he had four children.

*Mr. Austen Cham-
berlain's Fiancée.*

Miss Dundas, as we note under her portrait on another page of this number, is the daughter of Colonel H. L. Dundas, late East Yorkshire Regiment, and Chief Staff Officer at Gibraltar. As a child, she lived with her parents in India, and was one of those favoured with the close friendship—the playmateship, if one may coin a word—of Prince Arthur of Connaught and his sisters. The friendship was continued in Ireland, where Colonel Dundas was on the Duke of Connaught's staff, and where Miss Dundas "came out" in the approved fashion. The future Mrs. Austen Chamberlain's tastes are simple: she prefers

the country to the town, and she is a good horse-woman. More important, she is singularly unaffected—an exceptional thing in these days of Suffragettes and Society Socialists.

*A Six-
Hand Pony.*

The smallest ponies in the world are not the Shetlands, as might be imagined, but a breed raised in Lombardy by a farmer who, it is said, possesses a pony which measures only six hands high, so that it is about as tall as the imaginary cattle which Gulliver brought back from Lilliput. This is the smallest animal that the farmer has yet succeeded in breeding, but dwarf horses of from eight to ten hands are said to be quite common in his establishment.

*Making the
Ghost Walk.*

Extraordinary things, of which the audience are blissfully unconscious, often go on just behind the scenes at the theatre. Not long ago, at one of the outlying London theatres, there was a little difficulty of a sordid financial kind, and "certain parties" made up their minds that the curtain should not go up until their particular ghost had walked. The way they did this, like all great achievements, was perfectly simple. They sent two friends, in ordinary dress, who merely walked on to the stage, and remained there. This sort of thing was all very well in Mr. Spectator's time, but the twentieth-century manager felt he could not give the order to "ring up" with those two irrelevant persons

there, getting terribly in the way of the plot. If he had boldly done so, the audience would certainly have enjoyed the unrehearsed effect immensely; while it is difficult to imagine what would have been the sufferings of the uninvited guests. Unfortunately, the manager took it lying down, and paid up enough on account to induce the two friends to retire.

*The Fat Funny
Man and the
Fiver.*

But the story recalls another about a certain comedian of Falstaffian proportions who weighed about twenty-five stone. He was playing at an alleged salary of thirty pounds a week, and he was the only member of the company who got it. There, again, his method was classic in its simplicity. Every night he sat down on the roller of the drop, and when the manager politely asked him to rise, in order that the curtain might follow his example, he with equal politeness replied that he would "get up for a fiver." And nothing could move him. The manager tried winches, a row of obedient "supers," even butting, but nothing but a five-pound-note was ever of avail.



THE ONLY ENGLISH LADY WHO WILL ATTEND PRINCESS ENA AT THE ROYAL WEDDING AT MADRID: LADY WILLIAM CECIL.

Princess Ena will be attended on her wedding day by Lady William Cecil only, and immediately after the marriage ceremony she will be handed over to the care of ladies of the Spanish Court.

Photograph by Lafayette.

A CLUB HOUSE ON THE HIGH SEAS:

THE "ENCHANTRESS," THE FLOATING HOME OF THE MOTOR YACHT CLUB.



1. THE PROMENADE DECK AND SMOKING-ROOM.

3. A CORNER OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

5. THE THOUSAND-TON YACHT "ENCHANTRESS."

2. THE PROMENADE DECK AND THE BOOM-BOAT, H.M.S. "ARGO."

4. THE DINING-SALOON.

6. THE SHIP'S TENDER: A 24-H.P. THORNEYCROFT MOTOR-LAUNCH.

The old Admiralty yacht "Enchantress" is now stationed in Southampton Water, off Netley Hard, and forms the floating club house of the Motor Yacht Club. Of this club the Duke of Sutherland is Commodore; Sir Boverton Redwood, Vice-Commodore; and Lieutenant Mansfield Cumming, who commands the boom which would be thrown across the entrance to Southampton Water in time of war, Rear-Commodore.

Photographs taken specially for "The Sketch" by Topical Press. (See "The Man on the Car.")



By E. A. B.

Gold, Copper, and Pearls in Ireland.

The fact that a moneyed syndicate is about to develop some of the copper mines of Ireland appears to have caused surprise. Sixty years ago the "development" was in full blast. One mine alone in Wicklow was producing its six thousand tons of copper ore per annum. There remains gold in Ireland, the mineralogists tell us; not perhaps to any extent in the rocks, but in unexplored gravels, to say nothing of the tombs of dead kings and chieftains. Ireland has her pearls, too, though they are neither better nor worse than those which brought Cæsar to the coasts of Britain. Sir Francis Doyle went to his grave believing that Ireland has other unknown treasures. One of his friends, in the habit of buying pearls picked up by children on the shores of Lough Erne, came one day in this manner into possession of what at first seemed a valueless pebble. That pebble, when examined by a jeweller, proved to be a fine diamond, and Sir Francis believed that there are deposits of native gems hidden in the distressful country.

A Coiner's Doom— The charge of counterfeiting coin preferred against a gang of men in the Midlands recalls one of the strangest trials in the history of our legal system. A French refugee named Jaques du Moulin was accused of uttering counterfeit coin under very curious circumstances. His habit was to buy of the Customs authorities goods which had been smuggled, then resell at a handsome profit. After the deal had been effected he would return to his customer, produce bad coins, and declare that the buyer had uttered them. This happened following a deal with a merchant of repute, who not only denied the charge, but declared that Du Moulin was himself a coiner. The Frenchman brought an action for defamation, and the defendant called many witnesses to prove what had been the practice of the suspect. A criminal indictment was then laid against Du Moulin, his effects were searched, and among them were found many false coins and the whole apparatus for counterfeit-coining. He was found guilty and sentenced to death.

—And his Strange Salvation.

The date of execution drew near, and the man's doom seemed sealed. Then a miracle happened. A man named Williams, a seal-engraver, was killed in the street, and his death brought his wife to the verge of the grave. Assured that she could not recover, she confessed that her husband had been one of a gang of coiners, and that Du Moulin had been their innocent victim. In Du Moulin's employ was a footman who

belonged to the gang and had been in the habit of extracting from the desk of his master good coins and substituting false. It was these latter which the Frenchmen had charged his customers with palming off upon him. Still, there remained the damning evidence as to the coining apparatus itself in the possession of the doomed man. This was explained by the fact that the footman, having obtained duplicate keys to his master's desk, had, when Du Moulin was arrested, feared that he himself would be implicated, and, to fasten the guilt upon his master, placed the entire paraphernalia in the latter's drawer. Happily, the whole plot was revealed in time to save an innocent man's life.

An Ordeal of Lord Althorp's excellent arrangements as Lord Chamberlain practically guarantee the success of the first Court of the season on Friday. These functions were among the most formidable ordeals of the whole season during the preceding reign. The system whereby it fell to one State Department to lay the fire, another to light it; to a third to clean the windows, to a fourth to mend them; to a fifth to authorise a sixth to instruct a seventh to pay the bill, was improved gradually out of existence, but the reform did not reach the Courts. One unhappy lady, fatigued by the heat and long delay, swooned. Her friends had to cut open her bodice and reduce her costume to a wreck. Still, the royal presence had to be entered, and by that ingenuity of which only a woman in a tight corner is capable this was made possible by the use of somebody's lace scarf to hide the torn and dishevelled bodice.

A Histrionic Cleric. "I did not see you at the garden-party," said King Edward to a lady, referring to a royal function some years ago. "No," was the answer; "I was not invited, but my dressmaker was!" Of such were the sins, they say, of the Lord Chamberlain's department in the days that are gone. But the most perfect of Lord Chamberlains could not guard against all the little accidents that happen. The Prince Consort used to tell of a most amazing clergyman who one day had to be presented. At peace with himself and the whole world, he sailed, smiling, through the apartment, overshot the mark, and ignored the Queen.

Lord De La Warr, greatly put out, signalled to him to return. The cleric pulled up, smiled blandly upon the pantomimist, then, with exhilarating vigour, imitated his gestures exactly. Etiquette has its limits; the whole Court roared with laughter.



A PRINCE OF THE REIGNING HOUSE OF SWAZILAND.



Slave. The Princess. The Queen-Regent.
COLOURED ROYALTY: THE QUEEN-REGENT OF SWAZILAND, PRINCESS TONGA TONGA, AND A SLAVE.



The Queen-Regent.
A BLACK RULER OF PART OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE: THE QUEEN-REGENT OF SWAZILAND, AND HER ENGLISH INTERPRETER.

Photographs supplied by Trooper Burton, of the Field Intelligence Department, Swaziland.

OUR WONDERFUL (AND HUMANE) WORLD!



THE NOBLE SPORT OF HUNTING SEALS: AN ATTACK ON A SEAL-ROOKERY IN ALASKA.



THE NOBLE SPORT OF HUNTING SEALS: CLUBBING SEALS IN AN ALASKAN ROOKERY.

The method of killing seals shown in the photographs here reproduced does not appear to err on the side of humanity. There seems little doubt that death by bullet would be better, despite the fact that, of course, the shot must damage the skin. It will be remembered that Jack London has something to say of the hunting of the seal in his novel "The Sea-Wolf." "We ran on to the north and west," he writes, "till we raised the coast of Japan, and picked up with the great seal-herd. Coming from no man knew where in the illimitable Pacific, it was travelling north on its annual migration to the rookeries of Bering Sea. And north we travelled with it, ravaging and destroying, flinging the naked carcasses to the shark, and salting down the skins." The clubs used, it may be noted, are usually from four to five feet long.

Photographs by Waldon Fawcett.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")



"RAFFLES"—"MIDSUMMER FIRES"—"THE LONELY MILLIONAIRES"—"THE SHULAMITE"—
"OTHELLO."

"RAFFLES" seems likely to be the most popular of the bunch, since the public does love a detective story, even if the positions of criminal and detective are reversed and we are expected to sympathise with the aristocratic burglar: perhaps the ladies would, if Mr. Du Maurier were the type of actor about whom a *matinée* girl gushes; as it is, he interests the audience without entralling it. The house is curious to know when he is going to do something very clever, and a little disappointed to discover that, from a professional point of view, he seems "no class," although competent to outwit the simple-minded detective who is supposed to be subtler than Scotland Yard. If Bedford really had more brains than the members of our Criminal Investigation Department, no one would ever be found out, save criminals escaped from Colney Hatch. Still, the play is not a bad specimen of the shilling shocker on the stage, and pretty well acted, though no one is surprisingly good.

The Stage Society's production, "Midsummer Fires," was an excellent version by Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Grein of the best of the Sudermann plays that I recollect; but although Herr Andersen directed the production, the general effect in the external elements was quite un-Teutonic, and since the sentiments and ideas are in many respects peculiarly German, the effect was curiously unconvincing. Nevertheless, "Midsummer Fires" is a strong, gravely written play of far higher value than the rest of last week's batch, putting "Othello," of course, out of the question. The pity is that fine art has been used on a rather narrow subject, narrow because the chief characters are decidedly abnormal, and the outcome of the play is due to their abnormality.

If Marikke had not been the daughter of a gipsy, and if the veins of George were not full of proud but plebeian blood, the play would be impossible. It has at least one great act—that in which is exhibited with a rather repulsive power the force driving the man and woman to the shameful, shameless act that must stain and scar the rest of their lives. It is typical of modern German art that it should be free from the snobbish touch so common in ours. Probably some British playgoers would find the play more thrilling if the story concerned people with handles to their names instead of some East Prussian farming folk. The success of the evening among the players—the success, indeed, of the week—was the acting of Miss May Martyn as the *ingénue*, in which she had to display emotion more intense and varied than is generally the case in such parts, and came out triumphantly. Miss Suzanne Sheldon acted very ably as Marikke.

Mrs. Henry de la Pasture's play, "The Lonely Millionaires," may not have been left behind by a former management of the Adelphi, but it seemed a strange play for Mr. Otho Stuart to present, or his excellent company to act, being really a farcical comedy with one scene of melodrama; it seemed to please the audience less than I should have expected. Perhaps the "booing" came from a small but noisy group. There is no offence in the play, and I fancy a good many people will like the simple story of the young millionaire who loves and protects the hoydenish daughter of the parvenu who is lonely because wealth cannot buy friends. Unfortunately, whilst in some respects workmanlike, the piece has few vigorously drawn characters, and though some admirable players—Miss Lottie Venne and Miss Lily Brayton; and Messrs. Oscar Asche, M. Lang, and others—worked hard, they achieved nothing noteworthy. The greatest successes

were those of Miss Annie Schletter, as a passionate Italian; and Mr. Herbert Grimwood in the part of her husband.

In "The Shulamite," by Claude Askew and Edward Knoblauch, Miss Lena Ashwell has found a play which ought to be a popular success, and is in some respects of considerable artistic value. No doubt it leaves one with the impression that an opportunity has been lost: an opportunity of presenting a vivid and intimate study of an aspect of human nature full of dramatic possibilities. The piece does not seem to have grown out of the author's knowledge of the Boer character: rather has the Boer character been chosen as a promising background for a drama. The gruff, puritanical farmer who

marries a young wife, and determines to shoot her on discovering her love for the handsome young overseer, is the central figure of an exciting and an interesting story; but he has the air of being a Boer by accident, though the accident provides an excuse for the introduction of several little touches of character which appeared to be admirably right, and were balanced by other little touches surely wrong. Some of the faults of the play—they are not noticeable in the last act—are probably due to the difficulties inherent in the dramatisation of a novel; but, after allowing for everything, there still remains a substratum of sound and sincere drama, culminating in a scene which is genuinely thrilling in its intensity and power. Miss Ashwell plays the young wife finely, though there are scenes of violent passion at the end which do not quite suit her style. Mr. Norman McKinnel as the patriarchal farmer is beyond reproach, and Mr. Henry Ainley plays with power as the English overseer.

Mr. Waller's production of "Othello," at the Lyric, is the most living presentation of the play of which I have real recollection, since my memory of the Irving-Booth affair is faint. The audience was enthusiastic, and probably more than four of the announced special *matinées* will be demanded: if so, some serious questions as to the stage version employed ought to be considered. The editor of the drama has been too timid with the blue pencil at the start, too lavish towards the finish. The real Waller-worshipper may be a little disappointed in the Othello, since the actor comes short of greatness in his excellent performance. I am not sure whether anybody can play Othello to full satisfaction,

though I should like to see M. de Max try the task. Mr. Waller certainly gave a powerful and intelligent, if not exactly poetical or imaginative, rendering. The Iago of Mr. H. B. Irving may well delight even the keenly critical. No doubt his performance might, with advantage, be "gone over," as it were, with sand-paper, so that some irregularities and unevennesses and unnecessarily strong high lights might be worked off; but even this is discussable, seeing that the actor ought not to play to the more finely sensitive of his audience, but to the average. He gives an exceedingly interesting, grimly comic picture of the arch-villain, illumined by an occasional flash indicative of his utter hatefulness. One really would have liked to know such an Iago—of course, on friendly terms; whilst I fear the Waller Othello would have been a bit of a bore. There is real greatness in Mr. Irving's performance. Probably no one ever has acted, or ever will act, Cassio as well as Mr. Henry Ainley. The Brabantio and Roderigo of Mr. Henry Neville and Mr. A. E. George were excellent. Miss Millard's Desdemona is charming, if a little monotonous; Miss Wynne Matthison was not quite strong enough as Emilia; and Miss Sarah Brooke acted vividly in the part of Bianca.



"OLF AND THE LITTLE MAID," AT THE HAYMARKET:
MISS DOROTHY MINTO AS KITTY (THE LITTLE MAID) AND
MR. SYDNEY VALENTINE AS OLF.

OLF: And the next thing I mid give ye a kiss, didn't I?
KITTY: Maybe so.

The story upon which M. E. Francis (Mrs. Blundell) has based her play was originally published in the "Illustrated London News."

Photograph by the Dover Street Studio.

FROM MR. TREE'S ACADEMY.



MISS BETTY CALLISH, WHO HAS BEEN PLAYING EFFIE PEACOCK IN "THE LITTLE STRANGER."

Miss Betty Callish, who is of Dutch descent, studied at Mr. Tree's Academy of Dramatic Art, and made her début as the French maid in "Lady Ben," Mr. Frank Curzon is, it is said, to "star" her in the autumn.

Photographs by Bassano.

A BARROW-LOAD OF WORMS A MINUTE:

RIDDING A PUTTING-GREEN OF PESTS.



1. ONE OF THREE BARROW-LOADS OF WORMS THAT WERE BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE IN THREE MINUTES.
 2. SPREADING THE WORM-KILLER—HALF A POUND TO THE SQUARE YARD. 3. WATERING THE WORM-KILLER ON THE MID-SURREY GOLF-LINKS.
 4. A STRETCH OF GROUND AFTER BEING SUBJECTED TO THE WORM-KILLER FOR SIX MINUTES.

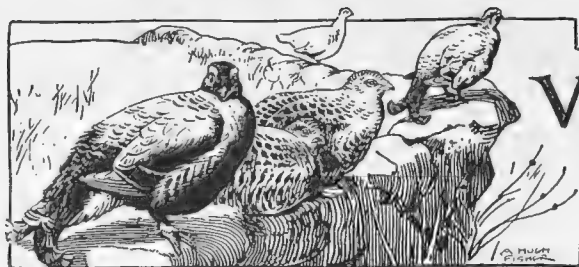
The method illustrated is that adopted at the Mid-Surrey Golf-Links, Richmond. The worm-killer, a thin powder, is spread carefully over the putting-green, or other stretch of grass that is to be cleared of worms, a mild, dull, muggy day being chosen for the work, as the pests are then near the surface. The killer is then watered, so that it may run down into the holes and get into touch with the worms. Within two or three minutes from that time the worms come to the surface in large numbers—as many as 900 per square yzrd have been killed on the Mid-Surrey Links.—[Photographs by Lionel Cooke.]

CURE RATHER THAN PREVENTION.

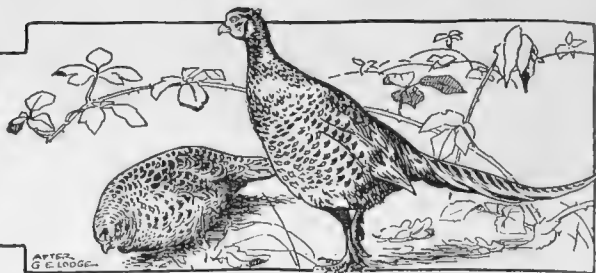


THE GAY GENTLEMAN: A bit o' raw meat fer a black eye, please, Mister.
 THE BUTCHER: Oo's got a black eye?
 THE GAY GENTLEMAN: No one ain't—yet. But I've been on the bust fer
 a couple o' days, an' I'm just goin' 'ome to the missus!

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



WEEK-END PAPERS



By S. L. BENSUSAN.

Fallacies and Fowls.

In these days, when rash people set out, at the instance of cheap and popular periodicals, to do all manner of things for which they are not naturally qualified, the poultry-farming business is responsible for much disaster. The sapient advisers of Surburbia, who seem to treat the problems of the countryside through the medium of experience

acquired within sound of Bow Bells, are apt to deal with their faithful subscribers much as Samson dealt with the Philistines at Lehi. Indeed, the curious will note that both strong man and editor use the same weapon. I used to indulge in the luxury of keeping poultry until I realised that when my fowls were not yielding any eggs my neighbours' birds were in the same plight, and that when eggs were plentiful I could buy them for ninepence a dozen. As far as table-birds were concerned, the same story had to be told. I have paid as little as one-and-ninepence for chickens, and never more than three shillings; while my own birds have been fit, in point of cost, to adorn the table of a king or a mining magnate. After a year or two of practical experience, I

has been a worker among chimneys for five-and-twenty years, that he maintains a wife and a considerable family, that he has bought his cottage and outlying meadow and one or two other cottages in the neighbourhood, that he has his Sundays free, and takes his wife to the seaside for a fortnight every summer, because she was born on the coast and has a weakness for the ocean. I thought it unnecessary to point the moral to my friend the poultry-farmer. Happily, he has private means, and the poultry-farming mania is nothing worse than a bad mental trouble, from which he may yet recover.

Another Bad Case. I went next to some friends who raise pedigree birds and are vastly interested in them. Poultry-farming is their hobby. They can command quite good prices for "sittings"; now and again they can take a prize at the local shows. They supply many of their private friends in town with eggs and birds, at prices considerably in advance of those which fall to the average farmer. Every appliance that modern ingenuity can suggest or contrive is to be found on their premises; but I was assured that there is a very considerable loss every year, and that my friends persevere chiefly because they like to see the live-stock around them. I could multiply instances like this, but it seems unnecessary. Suffice it that I have been unable to find among the country-folk I know best any who, not being farmers or considerable landowners, can claim to get a fair return for their labour from poultry-farming.

The Farmer's Case.

One may admit that poultry can be kept at a profit by farmers. They can supply themselves with food at the lowest possible prices, and can give their poultry the grain for which there is little or no market. Moreover, they give birds a large area to wander over, and so the land remains sweet, and the birds show very little tendency to sickness. Enough care is required to keep them from the attacks of the fox, and to see that they nest in places arranged for them and do not wander to corners of the land where the stoat or the weasel or the crow might take their eggs or young. Granting these small measures of care, there seems no reason why a farmer should not make profit, and the fact that country farmers are selling eggs at ninepence a dozen as early as March and April speaks well for the theory that the average stock is a healthy and prolific one. Moreover, the farmer raises ducks and geese under hens, knowing that certain fowls make excellent mothers, and the goose at least is a very profitable investment for the man who has plenty of land. For the greater part of the summer geese can find their living on good meadows, and by the time it is necessary to fatten them for the market, the corn has been cut, and the stubbles are full of grain. If the poultry do not eat the fallen grain, partridges and pigeons and other fowl of the air will make short work of all that is lying on the ground, for there is no question of putting it to any other uses.



A CAT THAT CAUSED A LAWSUIT.

Chased by a dog, the cat ran into a stable where a cow was being milked, and took refuge on the animal's back. This frightened the cow, who kicked the milkmaid off her stool. Thereupon the milkmaid sued Captain Bangel, the owner of the cat, Herr Schmidt, the owner of the dog, and her employer, Herr Kameler, the owner of the cow, for damages. The Court awarded her £12, each defendant having to pay one third.

decided that there were far more pleasant methods of wasting money than in poultry-raising; but finding that the voice of those who prophesy profits was still loud in the land, I began recently to make a careful inquiry into the circumstances of some poultry-farmers in my neighbourhood. In one or two cases where I delayed my inquiries the poultry-farmers ceased to be before I could approach them, and the place thereof knows them no more; but there are one or two survivors who still strive hard to justify the editorial Samsons, and they have given me their experiences.

The Poultry Farmer Speaks.

The first man to whom I spoke told me with pride that he pays the rent of his bungalow and his acre of land and makes a shilling a day profit by poultry-farming. The rent of house and land, however, is no more than ten shillings a week, so that the full average weekly profit comes to seventeen shillings. I asked if he allows for the eggs he uses and the birds he eats at home, and he told me he allows himself a shilling a dozen for eggs all the year round, and two shillings for chickens. This seemed satisfactory enough, and I asked whether the fowl-houses and incubators and foster-mothers were paid for out of profits. He said they were part of capital outlay, but he charges himself five per cent. upon this, and has neglected to provide a sinking fund to replace them. Moreover, he told me that he and his wife work for the greater part of the day among the fowls, as they wish to conduct their venture on business lines, and the profits do not permit him to keep an assistant. While the work is pleasant enough in the summer time, when the weather is fine, it becomes exceedingly trying in the winter, when rain and snow hold carnival. He added that there is very little time for reading, or for any exercise other than taking the birds and eggs to the station, and that it is not possible to take holidays, because the chickens require constant attention.

The Sweep's Confession.

Oddly enough, while we were having our chat by the gate of my friend's garden, the local chimney-sweeper drove along with sacks of soot for a farmer's land, and I persuaded him to stop and chat. I turned to the question of wage-earning. The sweep remarked that he



AN INTERESTING PROBLEM FOR NATURALISTS: NEIGHBOURLY NESTS.

It should interest naturalists to discover why these nests were built side by side. The correspondent who sends us the photograph, says: "This arrangement has the advantage of affording company to the hens when sitting, and at the same time affords the cocks the opportunity of going off on a little flutter on their own account, with the satisfaction of knowing that their faithful spouses are not lonely."

NOT IN HIS DICTIONARY.



FIRST COMEDIAN: Well, here's luck!

SECOND COMEDIAN: What's that?

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THIS is an exceptionally good week for the literary gossipier. I have read the "Life and Letters of Alfred Ainger," by Edith Sichel (Constable); the "Life and Experiences of Sir H. E. Roscoe," written by himself (Macmillan), and "Walter Pater," by A. C. Benson in the "English Men of Letters" Series (Macmillan). Of these, the "Life and Letters of Alfred Ainger" is entitled to the primacy, though all are worth reading.

Miss Edith Sichel has already gained a deserved reputation by an historical book, and by an extremely clever novel in the form of letters, written in conjunction with Mr. G. W. E. Russell. Her satirical faculty, which is great, is kept in judicious abeyance while she is writing of Alfred Ainger. It is just as well. Canon Ainger, with all his affectionateness, had a somewhat dangerous wit. He was, indeed, much more of a wit than a humorist. As Miss Sichel says, he was almost extravagantly sensitive to words and modes of speech. If someone said "photo" for "photograph," or talked of "being seedy," it was enough to make him shun their society, and his nieces averred that if they had used these terms he would not have spoken to them for a day. An indistinctly written address had a special power of irritating him, and he would make his nieces re-write illegible directions or copy them out himself rather than despatch them as they were. His courtesies were occasionally rather inconvenient. His nieces did not always relish toiling up Hampstead Hill at midnight in their evening dresses to save the cab-horse, an effort which he never failed to make himself, however tired he might be. He chose as his habitual chariot the dirtiest and most broken-down fly, hardly safe to drive in, and the most dilapidated coachman, over-paying him largely, and refusing to be taken by any driver who was not down in the world. His usual newspaper-man once brought the paper to his house at an unusual hour, but Ainger, who saw him advance without recognising him, imperiously waved him back down the path, refusing all negotiations; and later, at the Temple, there was a more fatal occasion, when a barrister coming to the Master's house to ask the Master to officiate at his marriage was similarly sighted from afar, taken for a beggar, and summarily ordered to retreat. None would have been more shocked than Ainger at this breach of hospitality, but his dislike of people taking liberties was almost as great as his generosity. Living in a small house at Hampstead, Ainger, who was a man of artistic tastes, naturally made a friend of George Du Maurier. He used to write for many years once every day, and sometimes twice. When Ainger became a Canon of Bristol, and had to reside there three months in the year, he disliked the climate and missed the society of his friends. "Punch" was to him a delight from cover to cover. At his breakfast on Wednesdays, as he sat with the paper in his hands, he would suddenly be seen to shake with inward laughter, and when his nieces, anxious to share his mirth, would ask the cause, he would do his best to tell them, but, instantly repossessed by merriment,

would relapse into his chuckles of enjoyment." He made endless suggestions to Du Maurier of subjects for illustrations. They were sometimes accepted and sometimes not. One which appears to have been rejected ran thus: "Professor Muffkins (the eminent ornithologist) to the lady next him at dinner: 'I was afraid till the last moment I might not have been able to come to-night, for my colleague, Professor Snuffkins, and I have been taking it in turns to lie in bed all day hatching a very rare egg!'" This was the kind of joke that moved Ainger to a chuckling rapture.

His literary reputation was gained by his work on Charles Lamb. It is fair, however, to say that he had a faculty of appreciation. For

example, he was one of the first to welcome Mary Wilkins' New England stories. He writes to Mr. Gosse—"Let me thank you again and again for Mary Wilkins; at her best she seems to me almost without a rival." There is one most tantalising paragraph—"Have you seen a book called 'A Group of Noble Dames,' by Hardy? . . . Oh that men would beware of sensationalism and seeking for new and startling subjects and situations!" One wishes for the sentence represented by the asterisks.

As for Ainger's work on Charles Lamb, there is nowadays practical agreement. There was a true natural kinship between himself and Lamb. Miss Sichel brings this out very well in her chapter on the subject. She goes much too far in speaking of Ainger's Life of Lamb as "almost a classic." It is not that, but it is a creditable little book, and brings out the best of Ainger's faculties. Perhaps no better account of Lamb can be put in the same space. But as an editor, Ainger was sadly defective. He had nothing of the scholarly habit; he was arbitrary beyond measure, leaving out sentences and passages that did not please him. But he took pains, and he was not too late to gather up some precious memories. Nevertheless, the possessors of Ainger's edition of Lamb would do well to exchange it for that of Mr. Lucas or Mr. Macdonald, who have both of them sound principles and believe in relating the facts as they exist. It is not my

business at present to expose Ainger's failings, and Miss Sichel dutifully does her best to conceal them, though she cannot quite ignore them. It was Ainger's personal link with Lamb that made him a respectable biographer, and it was his desire that the difference between Lamb and Ainger should be abolished in Ainger's favour that made him a bad editor.

For the rest, one has great pleasure in seeing that Ainger achieved his modest ambitions. He became Master of the Temple and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen. "He had an innocent love for his honours. He delighted in insignia—in his robes, in the pomp and circumstance of office. And none enjoyed more than he the dignity of going, as he once did, to preach in state before the Queen at Windsor." o. o.



THE THING HIS MASTER COULD NOT DO.

THE GARDENER (tendering his resignation): No, Sir. It's the Missus I can't abide. She's got inter the 'abit o' talkin' ter me jest like wot she does ter you. She fergits I can leave when I wants ter.

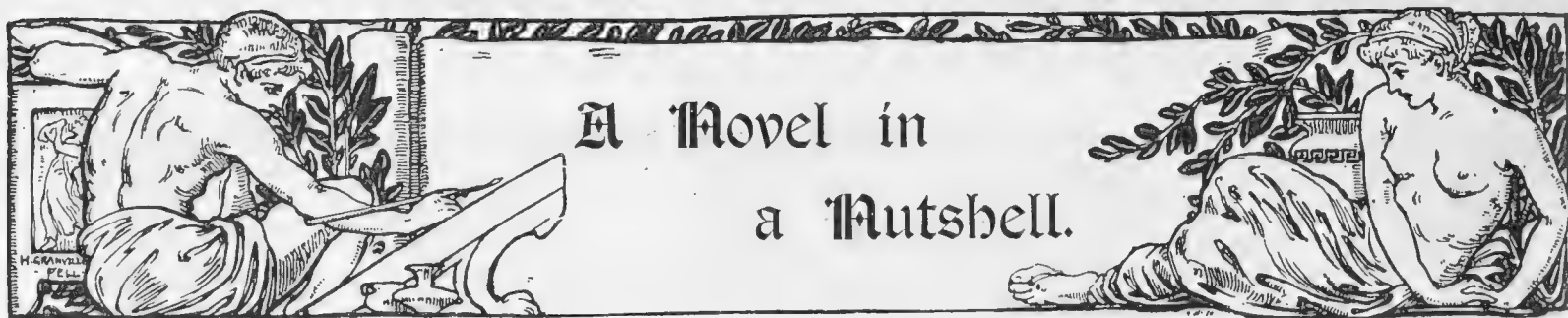
DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.

DID SHE, OR DID SHE NOT?



THE SECOND OLIVE BRANCH: Oh, I say, Ma, don't you wish you was a bride?

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



THE DARK HOUR.

BY WALTER E. GROGAN.

THE desultory sniping was irritating. Mrs. Gilmore stood in the anteroom of the hospital listening to it with that strained annoyance which comes of over-fretted nerves. A Sikh orderly moved across the compound. Further off the regular tramp of a sentry filled in the pauses between the sharp, brittle crack of the Martinis. Over all sailed a broad, beneficent silver moon.

There was a brisk step from the hospital. She had slipped away at its coming on the four previous nights. This night she shuddered a little and waited. Two weeks ago she, with her husband, the Resident of Jimrah, and their half-company escort had struggled into the little outpost, Fort Ardal, followed by a fanatic gang of Afridis, stung into frenzied revolt by the blunder of a much-decorated authority. Her husband, Hugh Gilmore, "a young man of promise," lay in the hospital with a slug in his breast, sniped four days ago.

So far she had avoided Jack Spens. When he went his rounds she slipped away. At other times she did not leave the little military cot where Gilmore in high fever betrayed small secrets of his childhood. It was curious that the fort into which they had straggled two weeks ago should be under Jack's command. Four years ago her husband had swept her away from Simla, where an ornate scandal, involving her name and Jack's, had afforded pleasure to many.

Major Spens halted in the anteroom, full in the light of the moon. He looked haggard and spent with work and anxiety. The undress cap showed hair greyed at the temples. He was in service kit—he had discarded his mess uniform during the last strenuous fortnight.

"I have waited to see you to-night," Mrs. Gilmore said. He started. She was in shadow, and he had not perceived her.

"Mrs. Gilmore!" His face stiffened.

"I hear many tales. I want to know the truth. Is there any hope?"

"For him?"

"For him—for all of us."

"He is, of course, badly hit—but there is always hope, Mrs. Gilmore. Sands says he is easier to-night—less fever—less restlessness." His tone was evasive; she caught the real import of its hurried glibness.

"I see," she said quietly. "You tell me much, but I think I knew it before. Will it be soon?"

He stared first at her and then out into the moonlit compound. He had half forgotten the old days and the old memories. Of course, it was useless to lie to her—she knew, she always knew. He had often thought her almost uncanny in her intuitions.

"Some time to-morrow, Sands says." He spoke brusquely, but not unfeelingly. There had been a time when he had hated Gilmore; now all emotions seemed curiously unreal. What did it matter? The brittle crack of a rifle came from the scrub beyond. It was a fairly good answer to his question, he thought.

"Some time to-morrow." She spoke quite evenly, without repression or stress. "Will there be a to-morrow?"

He faced her quickly. Could she in truth read his thoughts, or was it a mere chance question? She might have heard whispers. It certainly was quite clear that they were in a tight hole.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Will there be a to-morrow for us, Jack?" she repeated. "You can tell me. You—you know I shall take it quietly. I—I have no nerves. You said I had pluck—once. Do you remember—when the waler ran away—you shot him, Jack? You thought it was all over with us—and you shot him directly you had pulled him up. I didn't cry out then—I shan't now."

"I think," he said very slowly, and plucking at his belt-strap, "I think there will not be a to-morrow." He stopped for a moment, and then added, almost under his breath, "Effie."

She had expected the answer, but when it came it found her somehow unprepared. Life had grown so very tangled, and the time for unravelling was horribly short. There was her husband moaning and tossing, and speaking in the high, strained, weak voice of fever; there was the irritating sniping that seemed to split her head with every crack; there was her life since Simla, and the memory of Simla; and above all there was Jack.

"I may be wrong," Major Spens went on. "There's a fighting chance, of course. But I think they'll try to rush us to-night—in the dark hour before dawn. The scrub comes too near our walls. It ought to have been burnt off. They tie you so beastly—I had to ask permission. They've taken their time over granting it—been the round of a hundred fossils, I suppose, docketed and entered and reported upon. It'll come too late."

She hardly took in the purport of his remarks. She was busy with her own affairs, her own world, her own self. And all were to be obliterated in a few hours. That seemed so impossible of credence.

He hitched up his sword.

"Are you going?" she asked. "Rounds?"

"Finished 'em," he said. "I got Sands' report—that was the last. Vernon has taken over. I'm off duty."

"Where are you going?"

"Turn in. They won't want me before three. They won't rush us in this light."

"You could sleep?" She wondered at him.

"Why not? I'm nearly panned out. That crackle?" There was a spurt of sniping quick and cruel—a little hurry at the walls. "I'd sleep through anything—now. That's another man hit," he added thoughtfully, listening to the quick footsteps.

"I didn't mean the noise, but—you're so close to the to-morrow that will not come." She took a step towards him. She was wondering at him still, wondering that he could contemplate sleep at such a time, that he could waste last hours. There was so much to crowd into them.

"That's all in the day's work," he said simply. "I'm not wanted now; there's nothing to do—and I'm tired, Effie." He slipped back into the manner of old times. "I ought to be fresh when the time comes."

"You spoke of a chance—what chance?" she asked. "You can't hold out."

"No—we can't. There's the bare chance of relief, that's all."

"You don't believe in it?"

"No," he answered briefly.

She wondered at him greatly. It was so strange that he should be there in the moonlight talking to her quite calmly, and in a few hours—

"It's strange, Jack, that we should all be going out together, you and I and Hugh." Her voice had dropped a little. Major Spens nodded. For the first time it dawned upon her that the interview was costing him something. He tried not to meet her eyes, he played nervously with his sword-hilt, he held himself very stiffly.

"Don't think of me, Jack," she said suddenly.

"I don't think—I can help that," he answered slowly, still looking away from her. She smiled to herself. He did remember. In an absence of four years, years empty of word or line or sight, a woman wonders if the worldly wisdom preaching a man's easy forgetfulness is

[Continued overleaf.]

OUR SPORTING SUPPLEMENT.

THE GENTLE ART OF CATCHING THINGS.



X.—STALKING THE MISSEL-THRUSH BY THE UPPER REACHES OF THE RIVER LEA.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

N.B.—The Editor of "The Sketch" prefers not to accept responsibility for the sporting intelligence of his Special Artist.

true. Mrs. Gilmore had tortured herself with doubts. They were swept away now.

"Thanks, Jack," she said softly. "I didn't quite mean that. When—the dark hour before dawn—you will—you will be in command?"

"Yes." He looked at her quickly, puzzled at her tone, puzzled to catch her meaning.

"Don't think of me. You'll want all your thoughts for—for them." She nodded towards the walls where the Sikhs were meeting death as though it were a mere detail of drill. "I know what to do . . . I—I carry a revolver."

He started and looked at her narrowly, and she smiled.

"I shan't hamper you, Jack. . . . When—when all's lost . . . I shall do it. It's cowardly to want a man to do it for you."

"My God, Effie!" he said hoarsely.

"You hadn't thought of that?"

"No." His hoarseness was troublesome. "At least—there was Sands. One hopes. . . ." He was not lucid, but she understood and was grateful that he had thought of her.

"You would have gone to your quarters and slept and met the dark hour and never sought me?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because—I didn't know. He was good—a better chap than I. We—we were built differently, but I always knew Gilmore was a better chap—and he forgave, and you had been with him two years. What a damnable muddle it's all been! I wasn't sorry when this way out opened up—except for you. I—I can make a better fist at dying than living." His chin looked very square. His way was comparatively clear before him, and he was thankful for that. He had felt lost in the complexities of life when he idled away that time at Simla, caught up and tangled in a great love, suffocated and bewildered by it.

"You think that?" Her eyes were wide open. That any man should so miss the realities seemed impossible. Then she remembered the manner of man he was, the innate directness and simplicity of his nature. It was just the blundering thing he would have thought.

"Yes. He came—and forgave you and screened you. It was a great thing to do. He was the better man."

"He took me away. Do you know why?" There were footsteps in the hospital, and a sound of groaning. The last man hit was being carried in. Above all the high, strained, complaining voice of Gilmore went on with its story of childish days.

"To save you." Major Spens had faced towards the compound again. He could not trust himself to look at the woman he loved. The man who was better than he was slipping out of the world babbling childish incoherence, and he dared not look at the man's wife. "To save you. I would have—when the scandal grew—"

"I know. I was frightened. . . . He came before I realised things. He was very glib, very clever. You never came near me. He said little—I knew he thought the worst."

"My God, Effie!" He wheeled round smartly, stung by that. "He had no right—I saw him, talked to him."

"What?" It was her turn for astonishment.

"Did he not tell you?"

"No. He pointed out what it meant—socially—if I—I didn't go back with him. I was frightened. I went. I half believed in him. I did believe in him at first. It seemed so magnanimous, so generous. I felt he believed"—she hesitated slightly—"the worst, and was willing to save my name and self-respect. Afterwards—he was a mean man—there was my money, Jack." Her voice sank to a shamed whisper.

"I—I don't quite understand, Effie. I thought—"

"And we shall go out together," she broke in—"you and I and he. The dark hour. . . . We must speak plainly to-night, Jack; you can't sleep now. There will be no other time . . . the hours are so few. I have been in hell . . . that's the truth—two years of it, Jack. You can't understand how mean a man can be. I made an honest effort at first . . . he never let me forget. He kept a watch on me. A look, a word, brought it all back. Before others too. I bore it at first patiently. . . . I thought it part of the payment. When he first hinted that he believed—what he did, I swore he was wrong. He—he disbelieved me."

"But—" Major Spens was white, and the veins stood up on his forehead.

"Let me tell all, Jack. I never thought I should—I never thought I should see you again. I found out that it was my money he wanted. He made me—sign papers . . . said he felt safer of me. You cannot understand the hell he has made for me. In trivial things . . . you won't understand how mean a man may be. He forbade all balls, picnics—any gaiety; if I was introduced to any man he stopped the acquaintance. He was protecting me, he said. He spoke to other women, hoped they would exercise a good influence over me. . . . You can understand how they did that. . . ."

"When he came to Simla," Major Spens said slowly, "and I knew that he had heard the scandal, I went to him. I—I like to do things as square as I can. I was in the wrong, in the eyes of the world at least. I told him I was willing to do anything for you. I said I'd make it easy for him—to get a divorce. He—he talked about your life afterwards—said it meant dropping out altogether from the

world you loved, that he would take you back if I gave my word of honour that he could honestly. I gave it—on condition that he put it to you plainly. I said I did not care a damn for him—that I thought only of you. I made him promise to give you the choice between us. That is why I did not come near you. I waited . . . for your choice. You went with him."

"Jack, Jack!" she said in a whisper.

"That's all."

"A pretty miserable all." The high voice in the hospital ward grew quieter, and at last ceased.

"If we get out of this—"

"If! Oh, Jack, and the dark hour before dawn is so close! There is no 'if' for us. We shall all go out together."

"There is always the chance . . . of relief." He clung to his thought tenaciously. "Effie, when—when you found out about him, when you realised what his magnanimity meant, why didn't you write to me? You knew me—even if I did not come to you. Then you could have guessed that I had some blundering idea of—of shielding you . . . that I thought only of you."

"Why? Don't you know? I—I am anchored. There is a child."

"A child? No . . . I didn't know. But . . . not at Jimrah?"

"No," she answered quietly. "That was part of my payment. The child was sent to the hills. . . . I had to go to Jimrah with him. He—he was afraid to let me go without him—to the hills. . . . He wanted to watch over me. Clara"—he wouldn't have called her Effie—"was sent with his cousin, Mrs. Ladish. . . . She was one of the women entreated to have a good influence over me. . . ."

"You poor child," he said. "It would have been better—but it's all done now."

"Yes, it's all done now," she repeated.

"So there's no use saying. . . . If it had been otherwise I should have made you happy, Effie. I wasn't always sure of that. I am now."

"You would have made me—oh, who knows, Jack? There is pain in love—not always, but often, you know. He—he can hurt me—horribly—but not unbearably, because I don't love him, because I never loved him. . . . I might have loved you too well, or you me, and one of us might have weakened. Unstable creatures. . . . Of course, I don't mean what I say, Jack. But it's hard now to believe in the possibility of happiness."

"I am quite sure," he said, rather stolidly. "I used to think you would tire. You often compared me with him. Gilmore had more brains. Now I know that you would have been happy. A woman wants a man—not an intellect. . . . Rough, ain't it? To be quite sure—now!"

The brightness of the moon dimmed slowly.

"There will be no sleep to-night—the dark hour is too near," he continued. "Sniping seems less frequent. That's queer."

"I—I had better go back—to him." Mrs. Gilmore shuddered. "I'd rather go out to the walls with you, Jack."

"Yes. . . . I can guess that. . . . You are quite sure your revolver is loaded?"

"Yes, quite sure. . . . When should I do it?"

"There's a guard over the hospital. When the walls are rushed the Pathans will sweep across the compound. My Sikhs will stand. When the first chap fires. . . . Then."

"When the first Sikh fires. . . . Jack?" Her voice trembled slightly.

"I shall have gone out by then. . . . There's nothing more, Effie?"

"Nothing. . . . You said you were not sorry—except for me. Don't be sorry for me."

"The child!" he said gruffly.

"A legacy of pain. . . . Don't you see that he will not think me a fit person to bring her up? She is to go home to his mother."

"It's a damnable world!" he burst out.

Someone came into the anteroom from the hospital.

"Are you there, Mrs. Gilmore?" Sands of the Army Medical peered into the darkness. "Your husband is sleeping. He will do well now."

"He will recover?" she asked faintly.

"In all human probability." His voice was briskly cheerful. "Your nursing has done it. Hullo, Spens! Haven't you turned in?"

"No."

"You need it—you'll knock yourself up." The Doctor was irritated.

There was a hurry outside, and hoarse calls, and the sound of running feet. Major Spens started, leaned forward, and listened.

"Sands!" he cried, "that's a mountain gun in action! The relief has come!"

He ran out quickly into the fading moonlight. The dark hour had come, and he had not known it. He could see no dawn to follow this.

"I will go in to my husband," Mrs. Gilmore said briefly, and turned wearily to the hospital.

A week later Gilmore was well enough to be moved from the fort.

"I have sent word to Susan Ladish," he said. "You should have a companion while I am laid by the heels."

"Will you never forget, Hugh?" she answered, stung into speech.

He closed his eyes wearily. "Don't let us rake up the past," he said. "It is too painful for me."

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE theatrical event of next week will be Mr. Tree's production of "Colonel Newcome," Mr. Michael Morton's adaptation of "The Newcomes." It goes without saying that the name-part will be played by Mr. Tree, who will have for his colleagues many of the present leading members of his company—Mr. Basil Gill as Clive Newcome, Mr. Lyn Harding as Fred Bayham, Mr. J. Fisher White as James Binney, Mr. S. Yates Southgate as Lord Kew, Mr. James Hearn as Sir Thomas de Boots, and Mrs. Tree as Mrs. Mackenzie. In addition, the company will be reinforced by certain ladies and gentlemen who have previously acted with Mr. Tree—Mr. Norman Forbes, the Sir Andrew Aguecheek of a former revival of "Twelfth Night," as Sir Barnes Newcome; Mr. Sydney Brough, the Don Pedro of "Much Ado About Nothing," as Lord Farintosh; Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe), who acted in "Herod," as Lady Kew; Miss Lilian Braithwaite as Ethel Newcome, Mrs. E. H. Brooke as Mrs. Mason; while Miss Marion Terry has been specially engaged for Madame de Florac. In addition, Mr. S. Hubert Harben, fresh from many successes at the Court, where on occasion he acted as a substitute for Mr. Granville Barker, will appear as Pendennis.

In order to prepare for this production Mr. Tree brings the present run of "Nero" to an end on Saturday. There is little doubt, however, that, in accordance with his custom, the play will remain in his repertoire, to be revived from time to time as occasion may require and circumstances may indicate.

As a rule, a theatrical wedding on the other side of the Atlantic cannot by any possibility have the slightest interest for the English playgoer. The inevitable exception which proves the rule will take place, however, next Tuesday afternoon at the Calvary Baptist Church, in the City of New York, when Mr. W. L. Abingdon, who has been

devoting his talents almost exclusively to the American stage for the last year or two, will be married to Miss Bijou Fernandez, one of the best-known leading ladies on the other side of the Atlantic. Miss Fernandez is a very beautiful girl of the brunette type and, physically, suggests Miss Constance Collier, who, it will be noticed, is not in the cast of "Colonel Newcome."

Should anyone want to find any of our most popular actors and actresses during the next three days, the most likely place will be the Elizabethan Fair and Fête in Lincoln's Inn in aid of King's College Hospital. Miss Ellen Terry and two actresses with whom she was at one time closely associated at the Lyceum, Miss Winifred Emery and Miss Violet Vanbrugh, will have charge of the tobacco stall, and among their helpers will be Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss



MISS LENA ASHWELL'S UNDERSTUDY IN "THE SHULAMITE"; MISS ELLALINE D'ALROY.
Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

Adrienne Augarde, Miss Maud Wynter, Miss Dagmar Wiehe, Miss Maud Cressall, and Miss Ellaline Terriss, in addition to Lady Burnand; while at the antique and modern art stall Miss Lilian Braithwaite and Miss Irene Vanbrugh will be prominent helpers with Mrs. John Hare, Miss Hare, and Mrs. George Alexander; and Miss Viola Tree will be at "Ye Boke of ye Fayre" stall.

In the theatre, Mr. Gilbert's delightful parody of "Hamlet," "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern," which was acted a couple of years ago at the Garrick by a company of dramatists, will be played. Mr. Gilbert will repeat his performance of the King, Captain Marshall will again be Hamlet, and Miss Gertrude Kingston will

be the Queen, a part played on the last occasion by Lady Colin Campbell. To-morrow the play will be "Hero and Heroine," acted by Miss Kate Cutler and Mr. Arthur Playfair; while on Friday "Amelia," by Mr. Nigel Playfair, will be performed by the author, Miss Freda Bramleigh, and Miss Hilda Trevelyan. At the miscellaneous entertainments to-morrow and Friday such favourites as Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Constance Collier, Miss Rosina Filippi, Miss Gertie Millar, Mr. George Gros-smith junior, Mr. George Graves, and Mr. Huntley Wright will be seen and heard in songs and recitations.

On Monday the Royalty Theatre will revert to the condition for which it was primarily intended when it was taken by Mr. Gaston Mayer, and it will be the headquarters of well-known French actors and actresses who will, while seeking the patronage and applause of our audiences, be our honoured guests. The first arrival will be one held by many to be without doubt the greatest actor on the French stage, M. Coquelin *ainé*. Supported by the company from the Théâtre de la Gaité, he will open on Monday with "Les Romanesques," by Rostand, followed by "La Joie Fait Peur," and repeat the bill on the following evening, continuing the programme by a large number of pieces from his repertoire, which is probably more extensive than that of any actor before the London public, not even excepting Mr. Tree, for during his season, which is limited to three weeks, M. Coquelin *ainé* will be seen in fourteen different characters.

Ousted by reason of these arrangements from the Royalty, "Castles in Spain," with Miss May de Sousa, Mr. Harry Fragon, and the original company, will migrate from Soho to the Strand to-morrow, as arrangements have been made with Mr. James Welch for the continuance of the run at Terry's Theatre.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell's season at the Criterion, originally announced for Monday, had to be postponed, but it will begin this evening with a double bill, and Mrs. Campbell will appear in both "Undine," by W. L. Courtney, and Mr. Harry Melville's translation of M. Henri Bernstein's "La Rafale," under the title of "The Whirlwind."

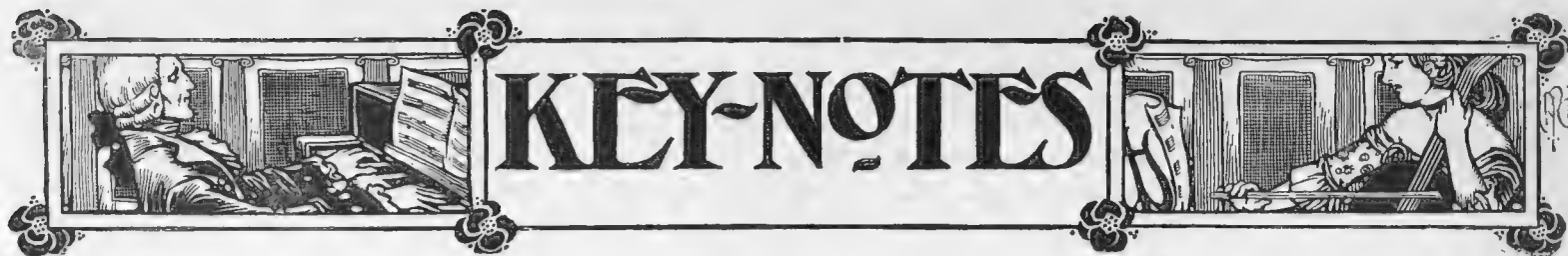
Having exploited an episode in the life of Mary, Queen of Scots, with considerable success in the music-halls, where she amply demonstrated that that public is prepared to receive tragedy, Mrs. Brown-Potter has decided to endeavour to interest the theatre-going public in the happier side of the life of the hapless Queen. Though few seem to remember the fact, the earlier part of Mary Stuart's life had its happy moments, and several of these episodes have been woven into a romance in four acts by Mr. R. Kennedy Cox, with the title of "Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots." The play, which was produced at the Hammersmith Theatre on Monday, will be acted next week at the Marlborough Theatre, and then Mrs. Brown-Potter will take it to Yarmouth, where she is a great favourite, for it will be remembered that she has on more than one occasion recited for the Vicar of Gorleston with conspicuous success.



THE SUMMER SEASON OF FRENCH PLAYS AT LONDON'S THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS: M. COQUELIN, WHO WILL OPEN THE SEASON AT THE NEW ROYALTY ON MONDAY NEXT, THE 28TH.

M. Coquelin, who is here shown as Cyrano de Bergerac, will be accompanied by M. Jean Coquelin and the entire company from his Paris house, the Théâtre de la Gaité.

Photograph by Nadar.



MISCHA ELMAN gave a recital a few days ago at the Queen's Hall under the direction of Mr. Daniel Mayer. He was not quite in his usual form, for, indeed, he seemed to be somewhat tired. We should have thought it impossible that such an artist could play out of tune, but in the famous "Airs Hongroises" his intonation was quite faulty at times. Mischa Elman is growing out of the prodigy period, and it is the more necessary, therefore, that he

should take particular care of himself and of his art: a great success at an early period of one's career very often tends to make success incompletely achieved at a later period. Mischa Elman must take this matter really to heart; and Mr. Mayer, with his great musical influence in England, will doubtless teach this young player how carefully he must conduct his own career.

The first appearance of Caruso at Covent Garden this year, in Verdi's "Rigoletto," naturally brought forth scenes of much enthusiasm; he sang very wonderfully, with that vocal inspiration which distinguishes him from nearly every other tenor now singing. At the same time, it is necessary to warn him that he must not depend entirely upon his voice for his effects, simply because his acting can only be described as deplorable. One is lost, of course, in wonderment over the beautiful quality of his

most exquisite voice. He plays with the music of Verdi as a child plays with a top. There is no difficulty which he cannot overcome, from the vocal point of view, and there is nothing which he approaches in this lighter kind of opera that he does not adorn with an artistic sense of vocalism which is not to be rivalled at the present day. Mlle. Donalda took the part of Gilda, and sang with much brightness of tone and with much vital quality of voice. At times she reminded one very much of Melba, although Melba's voice is naturally more educated and more complete. It remains to add that Signor Scotti made a very excellent Rigoletto, singing extremely well and acting the most tragic rôle in all Verdi's operas with a seriousness and a gravity which cannot be over-praised. Gilibert as Monterone was so good that one regretted the fact that he takes so few parts of importance during the season. M. Journet took the part of Sparafucile, and sang excellently well, and the orchestra was delightful under the conductorship of Signor Campanini.

Covent Garden is now approaching the lighter period of its season; in fact, we are coming to the time when light opera, light as compared with Wagner, will be the order of the day. Nevertheless, one must put on record the second performance of the second Cycle of the "Ring," in which Van Rooy and Ternina took part. How can one find praises sufficiently superlative to describe the art of these two singers? Van Rooy has such dignity, such nobility of voice, such an intellectual understanding of Wagner's meaning, that he is always impressive, always delightful, and invariably appeals to one's deepest emotions. Ternina may share the same praise; but, indeed, her voice this year seems to have grown younger even than it was in the old days when the present writer heard her in Mozart's operas at Munich. Between then and now she has shown a certain disposition to coarsen her voice; on the occasion to which we refer her singing was as pure as could be desired: in her appeal to Wotan the grandeur of her vocal accomplishment, combined with the nobility of her acting, surely made a record upon the English operatic stage. The rest of the performers were excellent; Madame Agnes Nicholls singing with much brilliance of voice.

Joseph Szigeti, a young violinist of very great promise, is to give a concert at the Bechstein Hall on the 23rd inst. He studied under

Professor Hubay at Buda-Pesth, and won several prizes in his very early days on account of the excellence of his playing. He also gained a scholarship granted by the Hungarian State, and is a particular friend of Joachim, who, in his wonderful generosity, invariably pushes to the front those people who, according to his own idea, do their work thoroughly and completely. The boy has already appeared with extraordinary success in his native country, and when one remembers how much music has come from Hungary in recent times, one may easily imagine how difficult a task it is to play there before a critical audience; he has also played in Germany, and only a few days ago he played before a few guests in London at the Æolian Hall. Among those few guests was the Duchess of Manchester, who immediately fixed a date for his appearance at her house. This will show how great is the promise, as we have already said, of this young artist, and therefore we look forward with much interest to his future career.

Miss Vera Margolies gave, two or three days ago, a concert at the Queen's Hall, in which she was assisted by the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by M. Wassili Safonoff. In the Tchaikowsky Concerto in B flat minor Miss Margolies played the pianoforte extremely well. Perhaps the conductor was inclined at times to overwhelm her, a fact which rather detracted from the real and true effect of her charming playing. However that may be, she was heard to very great advantage in the third movement, which she played with a lightness and a delicacy that were wholly charming. In fact, she reminded one of Shakspeare's three words—"My dainty Ariel."

Mr. Boris Hambourg, the son of a famous musician and the brother of a famous musical artist, gave the first of five recitals at the Æolian Hall some few days ago. He purposes to devote his attention to the works of various schools of music, illustrating thereby the influence which the violoncello has had upon the creative productivity of the old masters, who recognised in this instrument the possibilities of great emotional expressiveness. Boccherini, Tartini, and Locatelli were among the names which ranged through a very long programme. Mr. Boris Hambourg is a remarkably fine player, and his strength of wrist, combined with his musical sympathy, made in the long run for an excellent result. He has the real feeling of music as it is expressed in the instrument itself; he invariably plays in tune, but he does more than that—he plays with a sentiment and a deep feeling for the music which he is interpreting that are most admirable to note.

The first performances in London of "The Vagabond" and the "Princess," by E. Poldini,

and of "The Barber of Bagdad," were given at Covent Garden a few days ago. Despite certain musicianly qualities, neither of these works is fitted to be produced upon a grand-opera stage. There are choruses in Poldini's score which would sound admirably in such a theatre as the Savoy, and there are little passages also which deserve a smaller place than the place in which the work was produced. "The Barber," by Cornelius, under these conditions, was utterly uninteresting.

COMMON CHORD.



MISS EDITH MILLER, WHO MADE HER DÉBUT AT THE ÆOLIAN HALL THE OTHER DAY.

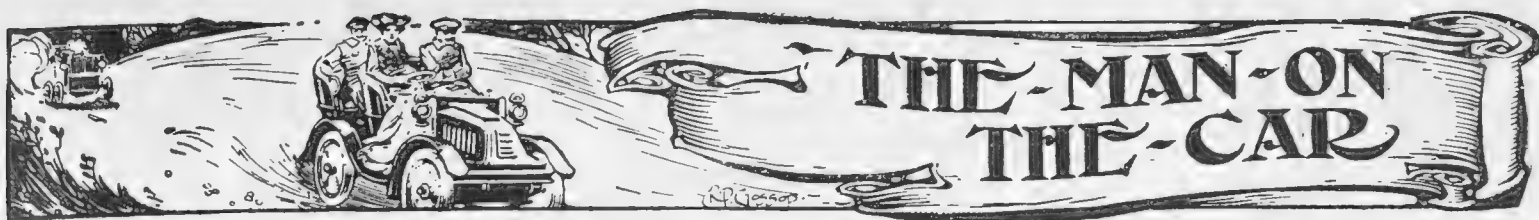
Miss Edith Miller was born in Manitoba, Canada, and has had the honour of singing at Government House, Ottawa, at receptions given by Lord and Lady Aberdeen and Lord and Lady Minto, and, later, in the West on the occasion of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Canada. She will give her next concert in this country at the Æolian Hall on Friday next, the 25th.

Photograph by Lafayette.



THE LARGEST DOUBLE-BASS IN THE WORLD.

The extraordinarily large double-bass here illustrated was made by Herr Otto Roth in Markneukirchen, and is intended for use in a Chicago orchestra. It is about 14 feet high, and its body about 7 feet. The top part of the body is about 3 feet 4 inches across; the lower part about 5 feet. It weighs 150 lb. (German).

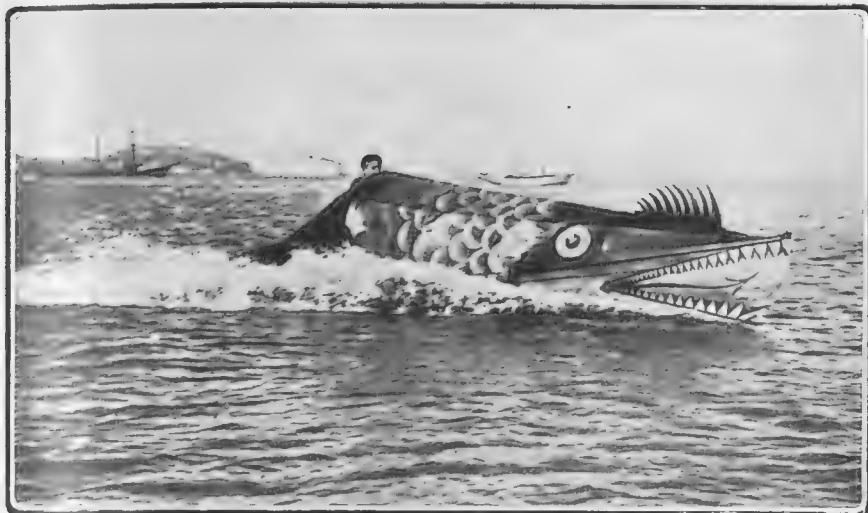


THE SCOTTISH A.C. RELIABILITY TRIALS: GREATLY FAVOURED BY THE TRADE: OVER EIGHTY CARS ENTERED—STRIKE THREATENS THE FRENCH INDUSTRY—
WONDERFUL TYRE-WEAR—THE OLD "ENCHANTRESS" AS A CLUB HOUSE—THE PROPER USE OF THE CLUTCH—A TELL-TALE TO A TAIL-LAMP.

As a trial, a reliability trial of standard touring-cars, the four days' (June 13-16) stiff travel over some of the most trying roads in Scotland, arranged by the Western Section of the Scottish Automobile Club, takes precedence to-day over all other competitions in Great Britain. That manufacturers and importers both regard a test of the kind as among the best forms of advertisement is evinced

while the Michelin non-skid looks as good as new, the other tyres are practically on their last legs.

The Motor Yacht Club are now most comfortably installed in Southampton Water off Netley Hard, in the old Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*, which has been largely altered to form a most comfortable floating club house. This club, which is the governing body of motor yachting, and has already held some most useful and interesting trials and races, is rapidly increasing in membership and importance. The well-known paraffin expert, Sir Boverton Redwood, is Vice-Commodore, and that general favourite and rare salt, Lieutenant Mansfield Cumming, R.N., Rear-Commodore. Lieutenant Mansfield Cumming is stationed at Southampton, and is there in command of the huge boom, formed, amongst other things, of obsolete war-ships, which would be thrown across the entrance to Southampton Water in time of war.



A MOTOR-BOAT AS A MARINE MONSTER: THE "TOGO" PAINTED TO REPRESENT A FABULOUS CREATURE OF THE OCEAN.

The motor-boat "Togo" took part in a native carnival at Rotorua, Auckland, New Zealand, and, painted as here shown, caused considerable sensation. She has 24-h.p., has a speed of about 18 miles an hour, and is 27 feet long. On the occasion mentioned she took the first prize in two races; the second prize in three.

Photograph by Topical Agency.

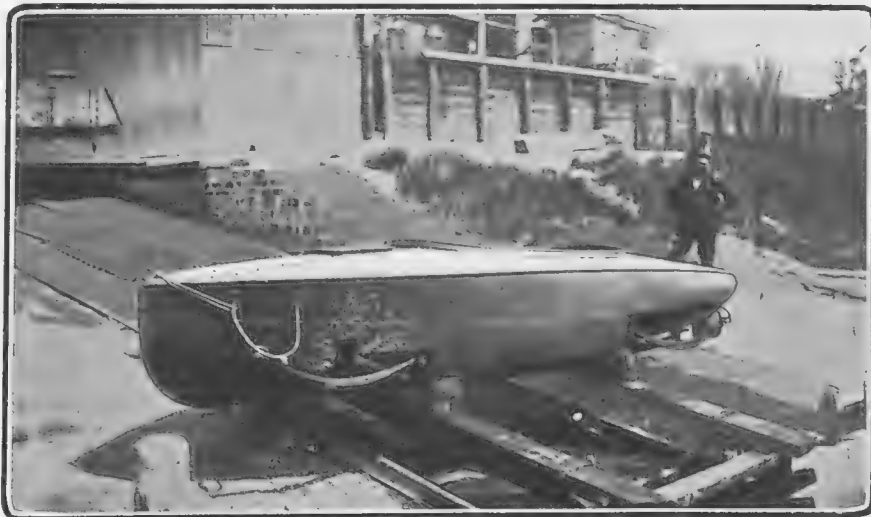
by the fact that no fewer than eighty-one cars are down to be present in Glasgow on the 11th prox. Not only is this large entry testimony to the advertising value of these trials, but it supports the view that I have always held as to their perfect organisation. Moreover, the routes selected take all engaged into some of the most picturesque and romantic parts of Scotland, in the best part of the year for visiting that somewhat humid portion of the kingdom.

A midsummer madness would appear to have seized upon the French workers engaged in the great and profitable automobile industry. Their present demands upon the manufacturers are of so onerous a nature that the latter have been forced to resort to a lock-out, with the result that the automobile industry is at present at an absolute standstill across the Channel, just at the moment when deliveries should be at the flood. The ultimate effect of this dead halt in French output will give our home and the American manufacturers a chance which otherwise could not have occurred; and if the French *ouvriers* are not wise in time, and realise that their selfish obstinacy, if persisted in, will only recoil upon themselves, a large proportion of one of the most voluminous and most profitable export trades ever held by France will pass from her for ever. But it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and many Englishmen will this season learn perforce that Britain now breathes the world in excellence of automobile construction.

A few days ago, when calling at a West End garage, my attention was called to a 24-horse power Panhard fitted with an exceptionally heavy body, the property of a prominent refreshment-contractor who makes strenuous use of this vehicle. The wheels take 920 millimetre by 120 millimetre tyres all round, and the cost of tyre-upkeep on this car has been very heavy. Some little time since, a new set were mounted, one, the near-side driver, being a Michelin non-skid. Nothing but a curious prejudice on the part of the proprietor stood in the way of all four tyres being of this make. He must regret his obstinacy now, however, for at this moment,

Very much is made at times by those who desire speaking points for their cars of running on one speed continually and never declutching. Of course, freedom from the necessity of changing speed on a give-and-take road is much to be desired, and much more prevalent now than two or three years ago. But with continuous clutching I am not so much in sympathy. If you watch a good driver—and by a good driver I would be taken to mean a man who has real compassion and feeling for the machinery he controls—I say, if you watch such a man closely when he is driving in and out of traffic, you will find that his foot is never off the clutch-pedal. In starting, in stopping, in turning corners, and in climbing hills, the sentient and skilful use of the clutch means sweeter running, a reduced repair-bill, longer tyre-life, and low upkeep.

The tail-lamps are kittle-cattle, the more so, I presume, because they are out of sight, and consequently raise trouble when least expected. There is nothing which gives such solid pleasure to the man in blue as to hold up a car for an extinguished tail-light, and with many of these, once lighted, and lacking a passenger in the rear of the car, one has to trust to luck as to whether they burn or no. There are several somewhat complicated reflecting devices to tell-tales of the tail-light,



A MOTOR-CAR AND A MOTOR-BOAT IN ONE.

There was recently launched near Paris the motor-boat here illustrated, which can be transformed at will into a form of motor-car. She possesses all the qualities of the ordinary motor-boat, and in addition to this she can be mounted on four wheels and used on land, the same motor-power being used.

Photograph by Topical Agency.

but the best "dodge" for keeping the driver warned is the introduction of a small lens in the centre of the reflector, and the lamp so set on its bracket that a strong ray-shaft plays upon the side of the road and can be detected by a momentary backward glance upon the part of the man at the wheel, or other occupant of the car.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE CHANGE IN THE ASPECT OF THE DERBY—RACING CRICKETERS—OPEN MEETINGS.

THE result of the Newmarket Stakes has changed the aspect of the Derby very considerably—more so than did the breakdown and scratching of Flair. My anticipation that Lally would win easily was not borne out. Mr. Purefoy's colt only just scraped home by a head from Malua, who, in turn, was only a head in front of Gorgos. The fact that Gorgos got so near proves that the Two Thousand form was not so contemptible as was thought; and the fact that Lally had to go all out to obtain his head victory over Malua not only brings Mr. Heinemann's colt well into the Epsom argument, but also reintroduces Picton, who was almost put on one side after his defeat by Sarcelle. Contributory causes to Picton's defeat were the weakness of Mr. Thursby through wasting, and the unfitness of the colt, who, on two-year-old form, can be made out the superior of Malua. The argument that Fallon has left something to work on for the Derby can also be advanced on behalf of the other candidates mentioned, and we should see a battle royal on the 30th inst. I still think that Lally will win, but obviously his task will be a stiffer one than was thought would be the case before the running at Newmarket last week.

First-class cricket is well represented on the Turf. A few prominent owners are also prominent cricketers, and quite a large number of public cricketers are to be found in Tattersall's and the club enclosures when opportunity offers. Most prominent of all is, of course, Lord Dalmeny. He is, in the true sense of the word, a sportsman, one who sinks his personality for the good of his side, and takes defeat with a good grace. So far, defeat has not often come his way in either sphere. In Ramrod he owns a good colt, that may be ranked at the top of the second division. Another county captain fond of horse-racing is Mr. Archibald MacLaren, who is often accompanied on his racing trips by Mr. Robson, for many years the Hampshire wicket-keeper. Mr. MacLaren is a director of the *Winning Post*. Mr. Garnett, the hard-hitting Lancashire batsman, has, or had, one or two jumpers in training; he used to own Quassia, an aged mare that has won many hurdle-races. Mr. S. H. Wood, who used to play for Derbyshire, runs a few horses under both sets of rules, and has been known to bring off some satisfactory coups. Many of the professional cricketers like to go

racing. At the last Newbury Meeting I saw Tom Richardson, the famous Surrey bowler, looking fit and well. He had come over from Bath, where he is a popular Boniface. Mr. George Everett, Chairman of the Kempton Park Company, is equally well known on the racecourse and at the Oval; he is a member of the Surrey Cricket Club Committee. Arnold, the Worcestershire all-round cricketer, is fond of racing, and is, or was, a familiar figure on the racecourses of Devon, for which county he used to play cricket in the days before he joined the Worcestershire ranks.

In these days, when comfort and luxury enter into every walk of life, it is strange how the old-fashioned open meetings flourish.

This week in particular shows how strong a factor they are in the year's racing, for it is entirely given over to them. York and Bath precede. Doncaster and Salisbury, and the week culminates with Harpenden, one of the best examples of how horse-racing was carried on before the advent of the gate-money fixture, with its covered way from station to stands among other luxuries. A certain romance attaches to antiquity; discomforts are forgotten in the lapse of years, and as we grow older we are apt to sigh for the good old days. These sentiments look well on paper, and sound well in the subdued light of the smoking-room, but most of the men who go racing would not

hesitate to vote for the "drawing-room" order of meeting were they asked to choose between the two. At the same time, none of us would care to see these open meetings wiped out. What should we do without our Epsom, for instance? Or our Brighton and Lewes (in August particularly)? So, while confessing to a preference for the enclosed meeting, one must admit that the old order of things has powerful attractions. In connection with these "public places," it is interesting to note that in the new Betting Bill is a clause which reads—"Nothing contained in this Act shall apply to any ground used for the purpose of a racecourse for racing with horses, or adjacent thereto, on the days on which races take place."

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.



Champion Beat the Band.

Cresswell Rags.

Cresswell Lassie.

Sunny Jim.

MRS. PHILIP RUNCIMAN AND HER OLD ENGLISH SHEEPDOGS.

Champion Beat the Band won his championship by challenge prizes at Cruft's, P. E. S. Club Show, and Manchester, and in six weeks and a day twenty firsts and specials. Cresswell Lassie and Sunny Jim have also won prizes. Cresswell Rags is an eleven-months-old puppy.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

"TILL May is out ne'er cast a clout" has never been more justified of its wisdom than in this present year of grace.

Three climates in three hours — frigid, temperate, and tropical—have we been treated to within the past thirty days, with the inevitable confusion ensuing to our minds and wardrobes. Four several times I can testify to having cheerfully and gratefully put away furs with evil-smelling ingredients from the chemist's nestling in the folds of muff, stole, and toque, only ruefully to disinter the same next morning, with the added consciousness that every cherished article gave forth whiffs noxious and mephitic, which one's acquaintances, as well as the most persistent moth ever anxious to rear a family of grubs in sables, would equally avoid. Nor is this all. A real grievance arises when, having hopefully ordered two, or perhaps three, smart afternoon frocks from a persuasive *couturière* full of blandishments and fashion-sketches, north-easterly winds envelop every succeeding occasion which permitted an exhibition of the frocks' smartness, leaving merely a few weeks in an ever-shortening season with which to dazzle the beholders. There is simply no conscience in our climate.

With millinery at its side elevation, to talk architecturally, and hats lifted off the head at an acute angle of forty-five or other mathematical monstrosity, the necessity of building in between attic and basement, so to speak, is evident, and milliners, besides the miles of tulle and ribbons and roses required, have also introduced bunches of curls that are created to fill up the vacuum that Art as well as Nature abhors. But while we all know that these exquisite little wavelets and ringlets which all our friends have simultaneously developed are mounted on wire, it becomes disconcerting when the fact is too obviously impressed, as in the case of the girl who, sitting in front of us at a Lyric matinée some days ago, calmly removed her hat, and with it a thick row of curls, which were fixed on to the *cache-peigne* at back. "Had she forgotten them?" was the question of some disillusioned

over" fastening at back over an embroidered gauze sash. Jauntiness is supplied by the little white hat with its cloudy bunches of tulle and knots of roses, for an Empire gown may be chaste or classic or picturesque, but of jauntiness it has none; and as that qualification is inseparable from dress as it is worn this season, the missing manner



A WHITE EMPIRE GOWN FOR A GARDEN-PARTY. [Copyright.]



[Copyright.]

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE-HAT AT THE MAISON LEWIS.

bachelors of our party, who were so engrossed with the display of curls and millinery that they missed quite ten minutes of Brigadier Gerard's robust and magnificent personality.

Rumour of the many tongues has it that brimless, tip-tilted, and eccentric *chapeaux* generally, having had their frenzied moment, are now to be replaced by picture-hats of simple line and exquisite curves, like that in the picture given above, which comes from the Maison Lewis, and may therefore be accepted as expressing all that is newest and best in millinery matters.

Very picturesque must be considered the white Empire gown of our other sketch, with sweet simplicity emphasised in the "cross-

is here supplied by the hat. Also I greatly like the small lace coats of *point d'Irlande* or embroidered cambric which are to be worn over blouses as the last touch of costume this season. They remove that undressed, indoor appearance which the smartest and most elaborate blouses always have out of doors, and give that well-finished look to one's altogether which generally distinguishes our French or American neighbours *en plein air*.

Apropos of Princess Ena's trousseau, which is naturally much exercising the feminine mind in these realms just now, it is noticeable with what good sense and taste the young Princess has chosen the mode of millinery that just suits her. There are no extravagant angles or surprising extremes. Wide brims with curling plumes or wreaths of blossom all evidence simple good taste and are especially suitable to the Princess's fair young beauty. It is this very rare sense of proportion which distinguishes the really well dressed. Endowed with it, a woman, whether her style be pert and pretty or stately and severe, is sure to succeed in satisfying the most fastidious; without it, no dress-allowance, however ample, will turn her out well.

By-the-way, an acquaintance whose pin-money is three thousand per annum paraded the lawns at Ranelagh last Saturday in a dark-blue taffetas frock, a black hat with pinkish feathers, and a long coat of Irish lace over all—a most distressing, though obviously expensive, *ensemble*.

Talking of gowns, Princess Henry of Pless was one of the many well-dressed women at the Sale of Work of the School of Needlework, Exhibition Road, last week. Always smart, by reason of Princess Christian's personal presence and kindly interest, the function was

more than ever a success from the social point of view this year. Apart from the exquisite display of needlework and wood-carving, a collection of really beautiful antique furniture at most moderate prices awaited the appreciation of connoisseurs; and it should be more widely known that the Royal School of Needlework offers unusual opportunities of acquiring genuine old "pieces" at really low prices. The Exhibition is open all the year, and should be seen by all visitors to London. SYBIL.

"COPPELIA," AT THE EMPIRE.

THE production of "Coppélia" at the Empire will make lovers of genuine ballet congratulate one another. M. Alexandre Genée, who has acted as ballet-master upon this occasion, understands the Continental tradition of Délibes' masterpiece, and very few departures from the established representation have been found necessary. To be sure, the final tableau goes altogether, but the second one is admirably rounded off with the galop that belongs of right to the third. The famous march from the final tableau serves as an entr'acte, and for the rest the ballet is one that follows the lines that we are accustomed to see in the great opera-houses of the Continent. It is worth noting how in skilful hands a ballet, for all its adherence to forms and conventions, becomes a living thing. Hoffmann's story of the old doll-maker who thought he had given life to his most elaborate model, by hypnotising the lad who intruded upon his work-rooms and taking the essence of his strength to animate the model, has perhaps done service for more authors than one. But it is ever fresh, and when you have an Adeline Genée to play the part of the girl who masquerades as the doll, and so tricks its maker into believing that his magic spells have worked, nothing is lacking to make the story as attractive as possible. The great dancer has flung high heels to the wind—never, we hope, to resume them. She is as free as a lark above the meadows, and moves with a grace and abandon to whose charm it would, indeed, be difficult adequately to render justice. Moreover, she does work that the Empire stage has seldom or never seen in all the years of its existence, notably the variations in the first tableau founded upon Slavonic dances, and the wonderful bolero in the second. While we admire the exquisite technique of Adeline Genée's art, we must praise her uncle, who has outlined these difficult movements so skilfully that the task of following Délibes' tricky rhythm has been accomplished happily. Certainly the Empire's prima ballerina is at her best, and it is so long since she had a part worthy her gifts that her accomplishment surprises even her friends. Mention must be made of certain appropriate music introduced by Mr. Glaser, who conducted with a fine discretion, and he is responsible for the very clever dance by M. Sundberg and Elise Clerc founded upon a Slavonic measure. Miss Dolly Craske acts prettily in the part of Coppélia's lover; and to the corps de ballet, particularly to the eight coryphées who support the prima ballerina, great praise is due. The well-blended colour, the extraordinary spirit of the dancing, and the freshness of the movements, added to all that has been

mentioned already, make an *ensemble* which will undoubtedly do much to restore the Empire to its pristine glories, and help to develop the half-forgotten British taste for beautiful ballet. A little revision of the final tableau and a more effective finale are to be desired, and when these have been noted, the English version of "Coppélia" will be worthy of Délibes' and the Empire's reputation.—S. L. BENSUSAN.

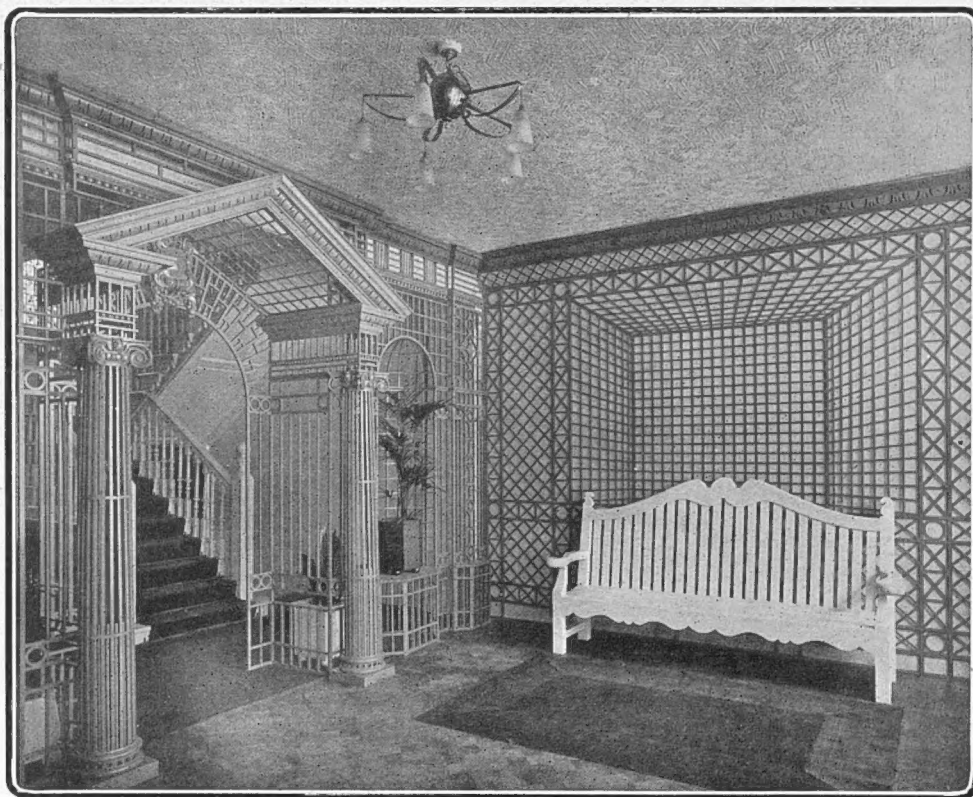


FASHION AND THE STAGE: MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER IN "HIS HOUSE IN ORDER."

It has long been known that Mr. Alexander does much towards setting the fashion in men's clothes, and it is interesting, therefore, to note that in "His House in Order," the Pinero play which is meeting with so much success at the St. James's, he wears one of the popular Viyella shirts and collars, made by Messrs. Harman and Co., 24, Duke Street, St. James's.

of every improvement that has been made in the means of quick transit. She has come to London only for show purposes, and will almost immediately take her place amongst the firm's South of England cargo-steamer from Portsmouth and Southampton, and her behaviour in comparison with that of these will be watched with keen curiosity.

Prince Henry of Prussia has entered his 60-horse power Benz car for the Herkomer contest. His Royal Highness will drive the vehicle himself. The sole agents for this deservedly popular car for Great Britain, Ireland, the Colonies and Dependencies are the Cannstatt Automobile Supply Association, 34, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.



OF INTEREST TO THOSE WHO LOVE THEIR GARDEN: A SCENE AT 134, NEW BOND STREET, THE LONDON SHOW-ROOM OF THE PYGHTLE WORKS, BEDFORD.

The managers of the Pyghtle Works, Bedford, well known for many years as manufacturers of garden seats, etc., decided some while ago to start a London show-room where seats, etc., could be selected instead of the catalogue alone being relied upon. The first premises leased were found too small, with the result that others have been taken at 134, New Bond Street, W. There may be seen an excellent selection of seats, chairs, palm-tubs, vases, trellis-work in the French style, and so on.

When arranging for a new machine, the cyclist should see that the saddle will not only add considerably to the comfort of riding, but be made on scientific principles and of the finest quality materials throughout. The name of "Brooks" stands first and foremost where cycle-saddles are concerned. Riders may be recommended to obtain the new list published by J. B. Brooks and Co., Limited, "the saddle specialists," before deciding upon a saddle for their new machine. The firm's saddles are delightfully resilient, and are so anatomically constructed as in no way to interfere with the natural action of pedalling.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company are making special arrangements to despatch trains at frequent

intervals from both their Victoria and London Bridge Stations direct to their Epsom Downs Racecourse Station for Epsom races, the Derby, and the Oaks. Through tickets will also be issued from the principal stations on the London and North-Western Railway, Great Western Railway, Great Northern Railway, Great Central Railway, and Midland Railway.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 29.

THE Bank Return shows that the measures taken have succeeded in attracting gold, but, despite the postponement of the Irish Land Stock issue, we have had very dull markets, especially in Home Rails and gilt-edged stocks. There is no doubt that the public with money to invest is very uneasy as to the Labour Party programme, and the everlasting surrenders of the present Government to Socialism in all sorts of guises, so that, despite the splendid traffics of the last four months, the man in the street won't have Home Rails, and, in a minor degree, even Home Industrials, until the effect of the new Workmen's Compensation Bill, the Trades Disputes Bill, and such-like matters can be more accurately gauged.

We hear that in the course of the next few days a large Australian combination of coal and copper will make its bow to the public under the style of the Great Cobar, Limited. The issue will include not only the famous Great Cobar Copper Mine in New South Wales, but coal-mines at Lithgow and Rix's Creek, with smelters, refineries, etc. The Great Cobar Mine is known all over the world, and has produced over 25,000 tons of copper, which metal is here found associated with gold and silver. The new concern will have a strong directorate, including Mr. William Rich, late of the Rio Tinto, and such well-known Colonials as Messrs. R. H. Henning and W. A. Horn. Until we see the final prospectus and get details of price to be paid, the ore-reserves and such-like matters, it is impossible to pronounce a definite opinion; but we advise our readers to look out for the issue.

SOME LAND COMPANIES.

The Chairman's speech at the ordinary general meeting of the *Argentine Land and Investment Company*—or, at least, such report of it as has appeared in the financial papers, was rather disappointing. No reference appears to have been made to the very large sum of over £30,000 obtained from sales of land at Belgrano and Bahia Blanca, the profit on which was not credited to revenue account, but has been transferred to a special account. Nor did the Board bring forward any scheme for funding the arrears on the Preference shares, although they expressed a desire to consult with some of the principal shareholders on the subject. Apart from this, the Chairman had, of course, a pleasant task in describing to the shareholders the very prosperous condition of the Company. The sales of land in 1905 amounted to £114,758, compared with £83,232 in 1904, the previous record, and the profit from these sales was £75,755, as against £38,750 in 1904. In most cases the land is sold upon terms which spread the payments over five years, so that a large revenue from this source will accrue to the Company during the next few years. The total of "Land Instalments Unmatured" at Dec. 31 last was £116,000, and compares with a total of £83,000 in the previous year. As regards the all-important question of the capital value I cannot do better than quote the following from Mr. Darbyshire's remarks—"Last year I went into the question of our capital account most exhaustively, and this year I have only to repeat what I then stated: that our capital is far more than intact, for the figures this year are even more favourable than last, the estimated capital value being something like £757,000, against our total capital of £505,000." If we accept the Chairman's figure of £757,000, it is easy to arrive at the approximate value of the Preference shares by deducting the Debenture debt outstanding of £11,425, and the par value of the ordinary shares, £52,234 10s.; this leaves a balance of £693,340 10s., or about £64 per share. In forming this estimate it must be remembered that after the arrears of Preference interest have been paid off, the Preference shareholders are entitled, in addition to a cumulative 5 per cent., to approximately eight-ninths of the profits after the Ordinary shares have received 10 per cent.

A very satisfactory statement was also made by the Chairman of another Land Company, the *Calgary Edmonton Land Company* at the meeting this week, and I hope to deal with his speech in your next issue. At 47s. 6d. the shares are a sound investment.

P.S.—Your readers will have been gratified to observe the steady advance in *Waiki Gold* shares. As I hinted recently, the developments at the eighth level are proving most satisfactory.

May 19, 1906.

MINING MEMORANDA.

Barrier shares remain by far the most exhilarating of all the hundreds of different kinds domiciled in the mining markets. They are subject to occasional violent fits of profit-taking; but there is no reason to imagine that the rise is stopped, unless tin falls very unexpectedly. And add Mount Lyells to purchases of Broken Hill shares.

Egyptians are being rigged. There is no stability discernible behind the present movement. It bears every sign of being worked for the saddling of the public with shares not worth the present prices.

Nor can much faith be pinned to the Rhodesian outburst. Diamonds make a wonderfully glittering hook with which to bait a boom, but one diamond doesn't make a dividend for a dozen short-of-money companies. The market should be left severely alone.

Our correspondents must surely be growing a-weary of being advised, with regard to purchasing Kaffirs, "Not yet." Nevertheless, the discretion of the cautious is better than the valour of the bull.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Do about a column and a quarter," Our Stroller overheard one man say to another. "Make it as bright as you can—by way of a change."

The other winced perceptibly. He had no answer to such a vulgar taunt.

"Want something to write about in that rag of yours?" cried a friend, approaching.

"He is never at a loss for a subject," replied the first speaker—"not when I am around, anyway."

"Some things have been known to turn," said the worm menacingly. "And if—"

"Write a brilliant paragraph on Home Railway stocks," suggested the last comer. "Talk about summer weather, bumper traffics, cheaper money, good returns, increasing trade, low prices, and—"

"Then go a bear of the stocks."

"Cynic! I give you up as a bad lot," and off he marched.

"There's no 'go' about Home Rails," agreed the writer. Everyone talks them up: everyone refuses to buy."

"That is so. I suppose the day will come when people begin to buy the stocks again—"

Our Stroller was accosted by a friend of his broker's—also a Houseman.

"Ah, so it is," the latter observed. "I've an awfully bad memory for names, though I knew your face at once."

"I was just going off to see our mutual friend," said Our Stroller. "You busy?"

"My own particular market is fairly active. Not very, but fairly. I deal in Spanish and Tintos and foreign stocks of all sorts."

"Brazilian Bonds seem to be rather out of favour," commented our friend.

"They are, for the moment. You see, there's a strike of railway men, or something, and one never knows how far these domestic squabbles may go in a South American Republic."

"But Brazils are all right?"

"I'm nuts on them myself. The new Shipping Loan or San Paulo Fives—both excellent things, in their way, for investment. Well, good-bye!"

Two men stood on the pavement outside the cigar-shop, one balancing himself on the kerb and occasionally falling off, which gave his conversation a disjointed nature.

"My Manchester and Liverpool people assure me that all those Combine things will go better," he was saying.

"They are all doing well, aren't they?" was the reply.

"Yes, and the inflated capitals which—dam"—he slipped into the roadway—"damaged the whole group at their outset are less burdensome now that trade is improving."

"Some of them reconstructed, didn't they?"

"Rather. But I think Fine Spinners are a good in—vest—that was a near thing—investment, and Calico Printers a good speculation."

"Public seem to be buying these Industrial things more."

"Yes. Even the electric li—hang it!—lighting shares are moving up a bit. Let's go and have some tea."

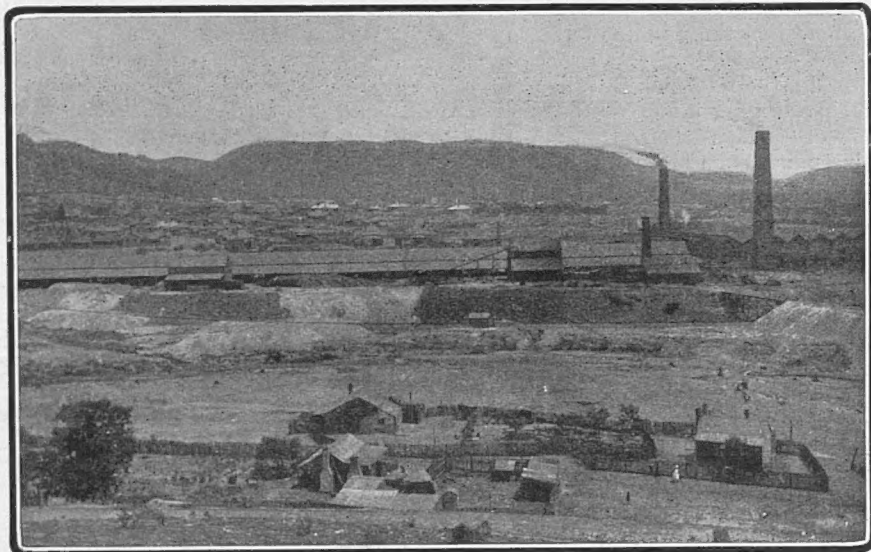
Our Stroller found his broker dictating letters. "Don't let me stop you," he urged.

"Right you are. Sit down there a minute. Go on, Smith; what did I say last?"

"Dividends on the India 3½ per cent. stock are payable quarterly," read out the clerk.

"Oh, yes; well, fire away. 'The stock yields £3 7s. 6d. per cent. on the money, and while being of the highest character, suitable for Trustee investment, I consider it will improve in capital value. Trusting that your health may soon be completely restored, I am, Yours very truly.'"

"Some lady clients seem to think that investments and ill-health go hand-in-hand," remarked the broker.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE GREAT COBAR WORKS AT LITHGOW, NEW SOUTH WALES.

"Do you think they ask their doctors about investments, if they tell their brokers about their health?" laughed Our Stroller.

"I've a limit to look after in Shorter's Court," said the broker, jumping up. "Will you come along with me? What's that, Smith?"

"About those new Canadas, Sir?"

"Oh, yes. Nearly forgot them. Write to each of those four people and remind them that next Friday, May 25, is absolutely the last day for applying. And tell them there is a big premium on the new shares."

"Nobody would overlook such a thing, surely?" said Our Stroller, as they went into the street.

"Nobody? Dozens will," was the reply. "And the directors can deal as they like with the shares which are not applied for by the proper day."

"What do you think about Americans?"

"My friend here wants to know what I think about Americans," said the broker to a jobber in the Court. "You know more than I do."

"Doubtful," was the answer, accompanied by a polite bow. "I think Yankees aren't done with yet, by any manner of means."

"You mean they will go up?" inquired Our Stroller.

"So I think. Don't you?" and he turned to another dealer.

"Go up until they come down. That's what I think. And the man who dares to think more than that about Americans is a fool."

"A thousand thanks for your most courteous reply," and another elaborate bow followed. "But, seriously, I think I'm quite correct in interpreting the general view as being bullish," and he turned to Our Stroller.

The broker had dived somewhere into the middle of the crowd to see about his limit.

"Done it?" our friend inquired as he returned.

"Yes, thanks. Sixpence a share on five hundred shares is twelve-ten. So I have earned a cup of—er—coffee."

"Lucky fellow to make twelve-pounds-ten so easily!"

"Look at the risk, my dear Sir! The skill—ahem!—in dealing, the long watching of the limit, the subsequent book-keeping—"

"You have only to do it eight times a day to make a hundred pounds—which is six hundred pounds a week, or thirty thousand a year. Soda, please."

The broker eyed him for a full minute without a word. Then he

turned to Miss Brown. "Up to the top, please," he said. "This man makes me feel frightfully thirsty."

Saturday, May 19, 1906.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

OTAMO.—The shares you name are all at a discount, because most people think the companies are over-capitalised. The first two have shown a considerable drop in profits during the last two or three years, and the dividends on the ordinary shares are certainly in danger of ceasing.

CHELTEMHAM NITRATES.—The reserve is generally put into the business in the shape of plant, new ground, or other improvements. You will probably have good dividends if you hold; but if you are nervous, realise half and put the money into United Railway of Havana, so spreading your risk a little more.

ENA.—Spread your money over two or three investments. The Preference shares are safer for dividend than the Ordinary, of course. The concern you name has a good business; but buy River Plate Gas shares and United States Debenture Corporation Ordinary Shares as well, dividing the money into three equal parts.

AFRICANS.—We sympathise as to the Bank shares. It is very difficult to say what will happen in South Africa. We sold our own holding in all the Banks some months ago at higher prices. Our opinion is that the outlook is most discouraging, and both Bank and Mine shares will go lower before they improve.

CORNUBIAN.—We should hold; as to dividend, only the directors can tell you.

DEBENTURE.—The rise in the Beira Debentures has been caused by the idea that the coupon due on July 1 will be paid out of earnings. The committee say that the line is earning far more than necessary to pay the interest, and the market expects the directors will make a great effort to stop further agitation by payment.

OXON.—We sent you an answer by post, as space prevented its being printed.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Bath some of the following may win: Somersetshire Stakes, Vincula; Bath Welter, Republican; Westor Stakes, Sweet Thrush. The Flying Dutchman Handicap, at York, may be won by Gallinago, and I like Sonnet for the Melrose Handicap. For the Doncaster Meeting I fancy Best Light for the Spring Handicap; North Deighton may capture the Portland Stakes; and Minnesota ought to win the Zetland Plate. The Scurry Handicap looks good for A Skipper. If in the humour, Wild Lad should win the Chesterfield Handicap. The City Bowl at Salisbury may go to St. Kevin. I like Ambrose for the Wiltshire Plate, Jolly Boy for the Stewards' Plate, and Tapis for the Salisbury Stakes. I think Marliacea will win the Salisbury Cup. At Epsom on the first day Gold Coin may win the Egmont Plate, and Achilles should take the Epsom Plate.

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